

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2365

and BYSTANDER

London
October 23, 1946



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 "You cannot say a story's tall
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These trophies prove that I'm not bluffing—
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 The proof of the goodness is in the drinking!"

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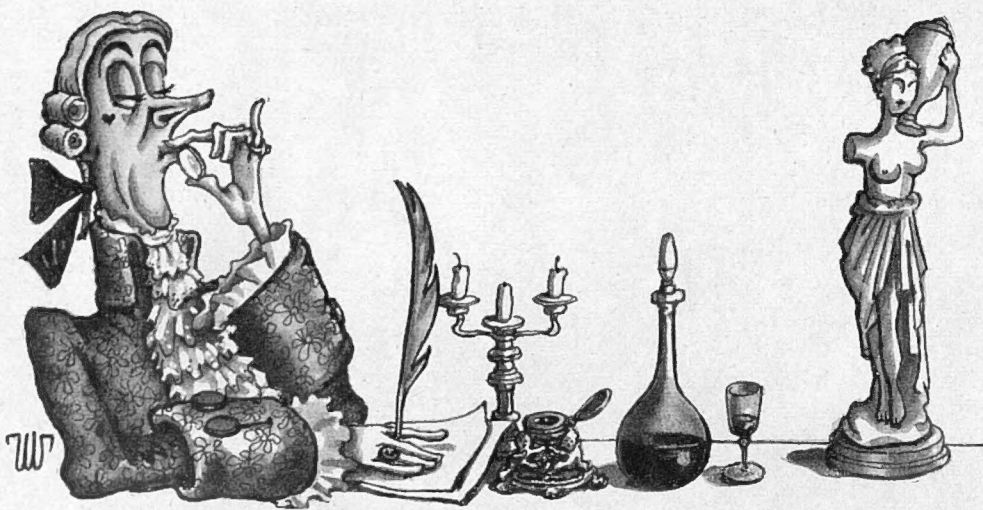
Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2365



Angus McBean

Claire Luce as a Thackeray Heroine

Attractive American-born star Claire Luce is to appear in London as Thackeray's charmingly mercenary heroine, Becky Sharp, in Constance Cox's dramatization of *Vanity Fair*, which opens at the Comedy Theatre on Tuesday, October 29. The play, which has Victoria Hopper, Jack Livesey and Patrick Waddington in the cast, has just concluded a successful sixteen weeks' tour. Miss Luce, who was last seen in London as Mary Queen of Scots in Clifford Bax's *Golden Eagle*, is at present writing a book dealing with the theatre. She is also a most talented painter, and plans, when her book is finished, to design a dust-cover for it herself in her recently acquired Kensington studio. Peter Dearing and Anthony Hawtreys are presenting *Vanity Fair* and the settings are by Elizabeth Agombar



Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith

As I came up out of the village, on to the Downs, sparkling in the early sunshine, a string of racehorses crossed the road. For a moment they were meticulously clear against the pale blue autumn sky. One could see that the stable boys up on them, caps turned traditionally backwards, were all furnished with the large lipless mouths so characteristic of many jockeys and ostlers and horsecopers. (Does a natural affinity for the noble animal spring from a glandular condition, I wonder, that also causes this type of mouth? Fascinating field for speculation.)

The Downs glistened, and the hedges flashed, but nothing like as brilliant as the satin hindquarters of the delicate animals who picked their way across the chalk on legs that seemed of glass. For a moment one saw those shining coats as so many pools that mirrored in their depths the merest change of wind or wisp of a cloud. Then they were streaming across the sonorous turf.

Who can witness such a sight without his heart turning over? One tends to forget the tediums of the racing world, the hard-faced men in bowler hats, the interminable conversations about yearling sales. The sight of a fine racehorse galloping over the Downs on a fine morning can stir one as deeply almost as a sudden view of the Mediterranean or of some noble river.

The enchantment of water, we are told, springs from vague unconscious memories of the time when we lived in that element. What does our passion for beautiful horses and for horse racing come from? We are not all the descendants of wild riders from the steppes. Relatively few of us are "horsey"—certainly not I. Yet I can perfectly understand why Charles II, and Godolphin after him, spent most of their spare time on Newmarket Heath: why Charles James Fox, between a junketing in Paris and an important speech in the House would somehow sandwich a hard day on the Heath.

Constantin Guys

I suppose there was never an age so permeated with adoration of horses as the last moment of their undisputed rule—the nineteenth century—and particularly in France. It was then that French racing began seriously; the dandies, with it, is true, some English encouragement from Lord Hertford and his brother, founded the Jockey Club—still the most elegant club in Paris—Delacroix and

Géricault filled their canvases with splendid horses, fighting, rearing, pawing the ground. Above all, there were the miraculous drawings of Constantin Guys (1805–1892).

As a young man, he was in Missolonghi with Byron. Then from 1826–1830 he served in a dragoon regiment. A passion for drawing horses remained with him for the rest of his life. Of course, it was not primarily the racecourse that inspired him. He never distilled from it that essence of which Degas some years later made such superb use. Guys' interest lay primarily with the glittering cavalry of the Second Empire, the riders, of varying elegance, who repaired to the Bois of a morning, and the tilburys and phaetons, wonderfully light, who went there in the afternoon, drawn by high-stepping cattle.

Anatomically his drawings of horses may not be always correct. I am sure some of our fashionable horse painters in this country today could find a hundred faults with them. But Guys possessed one quality in his horse drawings that is not perhaps invariably present in their work—genius. In a few lines, a light wash, he can suggest the very mood, condition, disposition of a horse. One look, and we know whether it is "green," if it shies at military music, or is a kicker. It is perhaps fitting that Guys should have been



knocked down by a carriage one night in 1885, receiving injuries that paralysed him, and kept him in obscurity for the last years of his life. . . .

Official Interior Decoration

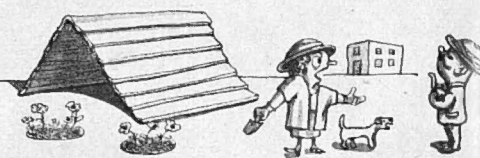
I found myself recently in a house into which friends of mine with much taste have just moved. But it is an official house, decorated so to speak according to official textbooks. I found myself gazing at the pale brown expanse of walls, with the eye of someone who had been before to the house—but in a dream. Yes, there was, as I expected, a broad and functionally meaningless white

dado. As I raised my eyes towards the ceiling, I already had by heart the cut of what I believe is called the "electrolier." And the mantelpiece's rising in steps, like some "zoned" building in New York. I did not need to look at them. I knew them all. Puzzled, I wondered whether my friends with their charming taste would ever conquer official decoration.

Then there came back to me the group of official houses encircling the residence of His Britannic Majesty's Representative in one post where I served. The arbiter of their elegances was a clerk from the Office of Works whom all the wives regarded with bitterness and fear. He, too, was an embittered man, and morbidly on patrol against the slightest slight.

He ranked not very high in the hierarchy of the mission. There was the trouble. Excluded from the routs of the Diplomatic Corps, he found no refuge as did poor Madame Bovary for a time, in dreams of ambassadorial company. No. He was a man of action; he took his revenge by making the houses of the place as ugly as possible. And he was a genius at justifying his cruelties by some ministerial decree, the existence of which it was quite impossible for his victims to confirm or disprove.

Once he nearly met defeat. One wife—a particular object of his venom—was too gentle, too high in the clouds to show any



satisfactory outward signs of despair, when he had finished with her house. But he was not to be beaten. Crying dry-rot, he whipped off her roof, and left it for two months—perhaps to catch the disease alleged—on her lawn.

Attrition

FOREWARNED about him before I left England, I did not allow "R" near him. We planned quite resolutely what we wanted and then alone I tackled the ogre. It was a slow, but not an unamusing business, gradually wearing down the suspicions, the bitterness.

Once my enterprise nearly came to grief. He had agreed on no "nice white dado," no "official sick-colour" on the walls, or "cock-roach brown" stain on the floors. He had even giggled at my names for these odious things, and surrendered quite quietly when I insisted on ceiling and walls of the drawing-room being of the complementary pinks. At that moment, "R" came in; though she said not a word, she represented for him the genus "official wife," the species who had—as he fancied—lain awake of nights plotting new slights on him. Immediately he grew sullen, rigid, and I was forced to begin all over again.

We got our way in the end; and afterwards he would come into our pretty little drawing-room, stare with agony at the unbroken expanse of pink, and mutter: "This kind of thing won't happen again, I can tell you straight! Been a special order from Whitehall about it. Fair went up in the air they did, when they heard about it!"

Poor man. Was he embarrassed at having been, as he saw it, almost tricked into pleasing somebody below the rank of at least a councillor? Let us not ascribe to him impulses unnecessarily malicious. For my part, I can think of him almost with a sort of fascinated affection.

Of course there have been changes since the far-off 'thirties. Nowadays there is the beginning of a *garde-meuble*; and our great galleries lend pictures, principally of the English School, it seems, to our missions abroad. But that does not alter the problem of official decoration, particularly in the houses of juniors. How long will "official sick-colour" maintain its almost unchallenged sway? How long will the efforts of H.M.G. to house its servants continue subconsciously to aim at the greatest discomfort of the greatest number?

"Pale Hands I Loved"

As I worked I listened yesterday to an admirable concert on the wireless from Holland. Songs by Bach and Duparc, a piano concerto of Debussy which was entirely new to me, excerpts from the *Rosenkavalier*. As the heart-rending strains of the trio from the last act died away, a deep, unctuous voice suddenly started to render "Pale Hands I Loved Beside the Shalimar."

At once I was carried back into the midst of a ship's concert—ships' concerts of nearly twenty years ago, I must admit; what with aeroplanes and the war, I have had no occasion to attend one, alas, since 1927; but I am told they have changed but little. Generally the man with the large warm neck who had commiserated with you for having been forced to live so long among foreigners, gave an interpretation of "Pale Hands," whose languors contrasted strangely with his vigour at deck tennis. Do they still recite, I wonder, "The Green-eyed Goddess"?

"There's a rumpty tumpty on the plains of Katmandu."

And then something about a broken-hearted woman. It's maddening to have forgotten those immortal words. Is "I Passed By Your Window" still sung, somewhat inappropriately I'd have thought, by the gentleman of vaguely clerical cut with a fine Adam's apple? Do they still have a Cockney backchat turn, and does everybody sniff very loudly when the house is brought down with "going Home"? I suppose the lady passengers when they clap or laugh, click and rattle no longer from the innumerable necklaces and bangles which they could not resist in Port Said. Possibly one of the younger travellers ventures an imitation of Bing Crosby, or Carmen Miranda (with special South American effects). I hope little else is altered. . . .



Illustrations by WYSARD



H.E. Sheik Hafiz Wahba the Saudi Arabian Ambassador, photographed in the Embassy

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

FATE's finger seldom traced a stranger page than when the doors of a room opened in Buckingham Palace recently, and King George VI invested one of his principal visitors with the insignia of Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. The honoured guest was the best-known diplomat in London, Sheik Hafiz Wahba, Saudi Arabian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, who spent twenty-seven months of the first World War as guest of King George V in prisons in the Middle East.

Round-faced, the Sheik smiled happily through thick glasses which are as familiar at notable international gatherings as his picturesque ghutra, ogal, abah and zubun. He recalled the odd contrast with the scene of twenty-nine years ago in Basrah, on the Persian Gulf, when describing him as an agitator, the British authorities claimed the youthful Cairo-born teacher as a prisoner of war, to be moved between Egypt and India. Eventually the "agitator's" protestations, with evidence that he had opposed the Turks, were accepted and he was free.

After attending a school in Cairo, young Hafiz achieved the distinction of passing an early examination at the thousand-year-old Moslem university, Al Azhar, which enabled him to walk proudly through the streets carrying the daily prize, four loaves of bread. Once a month he received the remainder of the award, five shillings. The almost "holy" bread brought as much pleasure to the Wahba family, emigrants from Arabia, as to their neighbours. Hafiz learnt Arabic literature and history for seven years, then transferred to the Arabic School of Islamic Law for five, and received two golden sovereigns monthly.

He was scarcely pro-British when he sailed for Istanbul, to help establish *The Crescent*, organ of the Egyptian Nationalists. The Arabs wanted home rule: the Turks desired to keep their crumbling empire intact. There was disagreement and the secretary of the newspaper resigned, leaving for Kuwait, the principality on the Persian Gulf. For

three years he organized schools, taught in them, won the friendship of the ruler of the port that was to be the terminus of the Berlin-Baghdad railway. Following the "interruption" during the first World War, Hafiz returned and in 1920 organized schools in Bahrein, the pearl-fishing archipelago twenty miles from Al Hasa on the Arabian coast.

From the Sultan of Nejd, whom he met in Kuwait in 1916, came a call. Hafiz became his fourth Counsellor of State and accompanied Ibn Saud from Jeddah during the two-year campaign against King Hussein of Hejaz. Finally, the Great Powers recognized the conquests by King Ibn Saud.

Sheik Hafiz Wahba then became Governor of Mecca, an office which positively bristles with difficulties, for the Ikhwān opposed smoking, wireless, telephones, telegraphs, and criticized believers who failed to attend Mosque several times daily. Disagreements led to "incidents," and generally he ordered that anyone who had been the victim of "smacking," should return the compliment. These, and other more serious situations, he handled with great efficiency.

In the evenings the Sheik reads Arabic and English memoirs and biographies. During the day he dictates dispatches to his king, which reach Riyadh, in the far desert, within seven days. He is fond of fencing, tennis, and of going to the theatre with his two beautiful young daughters, Buthaina and Thraya, and a talented son, Mustapha, an economics graduate of Cambridge.

As current and age-old problems are discussed over Turkish coffee one is reminded of the two sayings that have guided the Minister through life, "The height of wisdom is the fear of God," and, "Patience is an inexhaustible virtue."

George Bilainkin.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

No, Dr. Joad!

I AM horrified . . . No, that's too strong a word. Let me say that I am as much and as violently moved as the mildness of my nature permits. And what has caused the commotion? An article by Professor Joad in a paper entitled *Freelance Market News*. My old friend—at least until the appearance of this article I regarded Cyril as an old friend—writes:—

People like to see their prejudices reflected in print, and naturally resent those who challenge or flout them. Hence the ideas of the great writer are rarely acceptable to the man in the street and, if he writes for money, he must tone down the uncompromising rigour of his original thought to the nearest approach to a saleable article he can manage. There is, for this reason, an element of prostitution in all writing for profit, and the great writer must always to some extent compromise with his conscience.

I regard this as monstrous. Is Professor Joad going to tell us that say, Carlyle and Ruskin wrote something less than they thought in order to pander to their public? In the early pages of Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* occurs this passage:—

You must love these people [great writers] if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways. First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently

from you in many respects. Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours.

Perhaps my old friend will tell us where, in this passage, Ruskin preaches the doctrine that a great writer should prostitute himself to please his readers?

PROFESSOR JOAD's only get-out is this. That Ruskin did not write for profit, though I seem to remember that his publishers found him a hard man to drive a bargain with. What our eminent philosopher might have been justified in saying is that there is an element of prostitution in all pot-boiling. Even so, he would have to be careful. The author who is a pot-boiler by nature and cannot be anything else is not demeaning himself; he is writing on his natural level. Nor should I condemn the man who writes pot-boilers between masterpieces. He is merely stoking up the engine. Only that writer prostitutes himself who has it in him to write masterpieces and is content with pot-boilers.

AND here I take up the cudgels on behalf of the entire body of critics in this country, whether they deal with books or plays or films. I have never—and I am permitting myself to speak for all of us—deviated by a hair's breadth from what I have thought. I

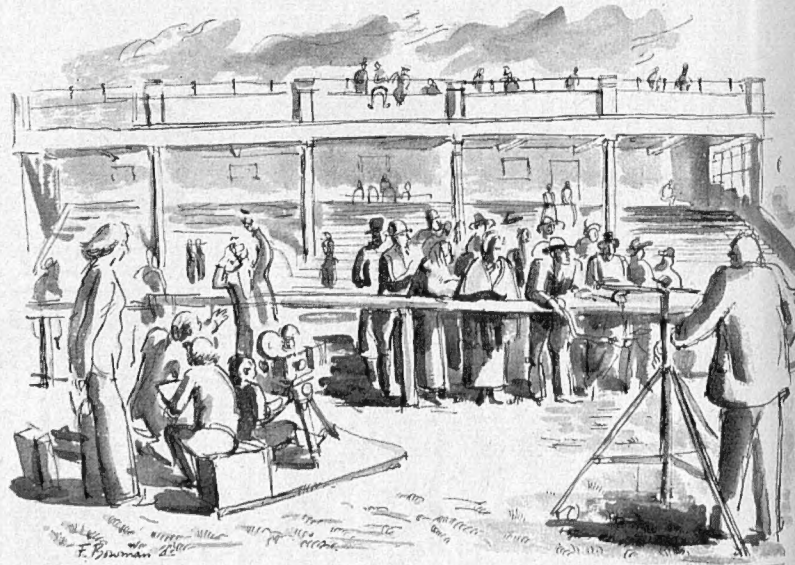
have not said that a novel is good because I know that three million readers are going to like it. I have not praised plays because of their advance bookings. I have not said that a film is good because the queue to see it stretches from Camden Town to Swiss Cottage.

There are critics who are in the habit of praising films that seem to me to be fatuous, and film stars whom I regard as dud. I do not think that these critics are dishonest; I hold that they are writing on the level of their mentality. Which brings me to two important points. First, that no critic should practise in a medium that he wholly dislikes. If a man has no ear for music he must not write about it. If a man dislikes all novels, and in the course of his reading has not found one to please him, then he must not be a critic of fiction. If no film ever gave me pleasure I should not be occupying this page. The first function of criticism is to discover and call attention to works of interest and beauty. The second function is to point out wherein works fall short of interest and beauty. In other words, Professor Joad had better buy a new thinking cap. And quickly.

LET me say about *Carnival* (New Gallery) that I have not read Compton Mackenzie's novel, which may, and probably does, explain many things that this not very good picture leaves in doubt. Jenny Pearl (Sally Gray) shillies and shallies till we lose patience with her. Will she or won't she consent to be the mistress of the artist, Maurice Avery (Michael Wilding)? At the end of an hour, which on the screen is an eternity, she decides that she won't. Maurice in a huff goes off to Spain, and Jenny at once throws herself into the arms



The main street of Mullingar. The town is the centre of Ireland's cattle industry but all business was held up while the population turned film actors



Director Frank Launder and cameramen take close shots of the crowd scene. Volunteers were asked to provide their own clothes, which had to be late nineteenth century

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT is the film story of how the word "boycott" came into the dictionaries of almost every language as a recognized word. The film is directed by Frank Launder of Individual Pictures, who went first of all on location to the small town of Mullingar, in Westmeath, Eire, where he began to frame the background of the famous captain. Cecil Parker plays the title role, with Stewart Granger as his farmer enemy, and other leading parts are played by Kathleen Ryan, Alastair Sim and Mervyn Johns.

In 1873 Captain Boycott became land agent to Lord Erne in Co. Mayo, and was subsequently the first victim of the Irish Land League who demanded fixity of tenure, free sale and fair rent. When Boycott attempted to evict some tenants for not paying their rent, the League coaxed his servants away, interfered with his food supplies, tore down his fences and altogether made life unlivable for him. Appealing to the Government without success, Boycott wrote a letter to the Press which caused a sensation. Three months after he was first boycotted, volunteers guarded by 900 soldiers gathered in his crops. However, the military, who camped in the grounds, lived off the land to such an extent that Boycott faced ruin and finally had to leave the country.

Practically the entire population of Mullingar were signed on for the film, and there were 1,500 extras. The rest of the story is now being shot in Buckinghamshire.

Sketches by Frank Bowman

of the first swell that comes along, returning to her Islington home—she's a ballet dancer by the way—with the milk. From which we may conclude what we like. A few days or it may be weeks later she marries a Cornish brute, Trehwella (Bernard Miles) for reasons which may be clear enough in the novel, but in the film are just incomprehensible.

One perfectly understands that other Pearl who, being seduced in Paris at the age of fifteen by a billiard-marker named Bill Blinkwell, said that the French capital suited her very nicely and that she had no intention of returning to London and her organist Papa. Yes, there is no difficulty in understanding Cora Pearl. What I could not understand in this picture is why a nit-wit like Jenny Pearl, with the pick of the peerage to choose from, lawfully or otherwise, should go and bury herself in Cornwall with a repulsive oaf. However, that is what the picture alleges that she did, and it was something of a relief when, round about lunch time, Jenny became spot.

As I sat through these *longueurs* I thought of the first of the stories in that delightful little book, *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal* by Halévy. They, too, had a daughter who was a ballet dancer, and beloved of a Marquis. One day the Marquis called to make certain proposals which included lodging the family in a large hotel with two sets of staircases. Madame Cardinal relates with gusto the indignation with which her worthy spouse met these proposals. "Monsieur le Marquis, ignoble suggestions of this sort are not to be made to a father. I do not understand what you propose, and I do not wish to understand.

Besides, I have an appointment, and to listen to you further would make me late. Permit me to leave you with Madame in the hope that I shall shortly have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance."

What I, for my part, am trying to say, of course, is that Halévy was an adult writer, and that *Carnival* is not an adult film.

One of the deeply moving things to me is to see a dead player whom I have known and liked appear in a film as though he was still among us. The part of the old critic in *Carnival* is played by Bruce Winston, the announcement of whose death I saw in *The Times* when I was in Paris. This shocked me, as I was one of a number of friends who gave him a little supper-party only a fortnight prior to his departure for America where he was going to do something for Hammerstein. He died at sea, on the first night out. What a good actor he was, and how little appreciated and made use of. Perhaps, poor dear, he was not very usable! But he was an actor in the French sense. Whether the stage misses him or not, I shall. Peace be with him!

★ ★ ★

In the *Tatler* recently readers were asked to send Mrs. L. Rowberry, mother of the young Arnhem hero, any spare copies of the issue which contained the moving letter from her son. The response has almost overwhelmed the good lady and she has now written begging to say here, "Thank you, most sincerely, to those who sent their copies and to those who wrote me so many beautiful letters. They are far too many for me to answer individually but I would like them to know how grateful I am."



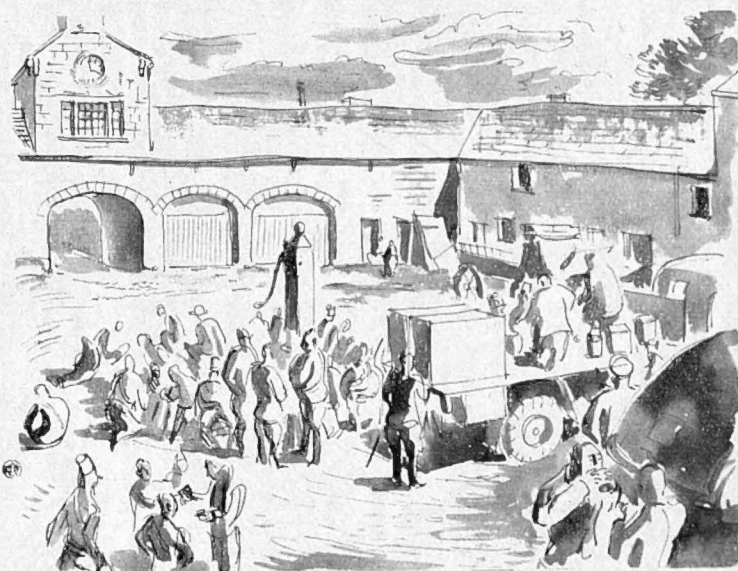
Percy Hermes, the assistant director of the film, illustrating the costumes of the period to the people of Mullingar



Mrs. Kenny, a well-known local character, who took part in the crowd scenes



A section of the angry mob who boo and jeer Captain Boycott when he canters around the course with the other jockeys



Hussars and infantrymen of the Boycott troop having their midday meal in the stableyard of Ledestone House

The Theatre

"Our Betters" (Playhouse)



The American Girl (Lois Maxwell), who thinks that life in England is wonderful until she sees below the surface



The Overblown Duchess (Nuna Davey), and her boy friend Bertie (Anthony Hankey), argue about love or money, or both



The Protector and his lady. Arthur Fenwick (George Woodbridge) and Pearl Grayston (Dorothy Dickson), who knows only too well how to look after herself



Two Nice People. Fleming Hervey (Peter Madren) over from the States, who does not think much of the Anglo-American nobility, and the Princess (Cathleen Nesbitt) who married for love and lost

MANY who saw this Maugham comedy in 1923 have wished that it might be revived. It had remained in our memory as an altogether brilliant affair—diamond-sharp, unrelenting, extremely witty satire upon idle, rich Americans drifting to the devil in a European society in which they found no sort of moral anchorage.

So far as we recollected, it was satire pointed with a degree of detachment rarely achieved by English comic authors. Sympathy, not contempt, has usually been the inspiration of our native comedy, but here surely there had been nothing in the way of sentiment to check laughter and none of the characters said a word to remind us that "if this were not so terribly funny it would be really tragic."

Mr. Maugham, at the height of his powers, had invited us to think quite unfeelingly about the lives of American women who bartered fortunes for European titles, and of American men for whom pleasure—hunted ferociously in a foreign land to which they felt no obligations—was fast turning rancid. In brief, that rare thing, a true comedy of manners; and we were naturally eager to see it again.

How, then, can we account for our disappointment? Several reasons suggest themselves, and there is, I think, something in all of them. Changes of fashion should not in theory affect a good play, but in practice they do. A dramatic author needs the collaboration of his audience, and on this occasion our collaboration with Mr. Maugham was not wholly sympathetic. To that extent *Our Betters* appeared a fashionable piece no longer in fashion.

Then the subject had shed its topicality. Mr. Maugham was exploiting an international situation as transient as that which Henry James exploited in the 'eighties. The novelist's Americans were simple as well as rich. They

tried hard to understand the ways of "seamy old Europe," and came to grief through their simplicity, their natural fineness. Mr. Maugham was concerned in this comedy with expatriates of a later generation who had acquired the wrong sort of sophistication in a continent which they still did not understand. This parasitical set has gone from us, and when it comes back there will doubtless be an altogether different international situation.

Why should the play, if it is a good play, not transcend the topicality of its theme? If a comedy of manners has not this transcendent virtue it must perish; and we begin to wonder if the author's detachment is, after all, as complete as a comedy of manners requires it to be. We fancy we detect in the fun he makes of these antiquated characters an element of spite; and that disturbs our enjoyment of comedy addressed to the mind almost as much as would irrelevant gusts of sentiment.

However this may be, there is no denying that much of the cynical wit remains extremely amusing; and no denying, alas, that in the matter of acting the comedy is not given a fair chance. Miss Dorothy Dickson, charming as she cannot fail to be, has not the diamond-sharpness which Miss Margaret Bannerman brought to the shamelessly triumphant Lady Grayston, and Miss Nuna Davey scarcely brings out the gorgeous absurdity of the duchess who can put up with the tallest bill or the lowest insult, so long as her consort consents not to leave her.

MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT, Mr. George Woodbridge and Mr. Max Adrian, who would all have graced the original cast, and the amusing decorations of Mr. Cecil Beaton keep alive in our minds some sort of faith in our first impression of the comedy.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Drawing by
Philip Youngman Carter

The manager of a great hotel
takes leave of his world with
some piquant reflections and "just
the faintest flicker of an eyelid"

Mayfair Major

Portrait of a Chief-of-Staff

Now although this is indubitably the year 1946 (and you may call it a year of grace if you like, but we have more regard for the truth), and although the naughty West End of the 'twenties is remembered to-day only, and shamefacedly, by the respected J.P.s and philanthropic matrons who used to be its Charlestoning denizens, there is but one way to begin this story, if story it be, and that is in something approaching the style of Mr. Michael Arden, the well-known historian of Mayfair and the first ornithologist to hear the Berkeley Square nightingale.

For what other language so well befits the introductory sentences of an account on shiny paper of the personality who has presided for years at the very heart of the heart of the Arlen territory: the distinguished hotelier, that is to say whose happy fortune has been to control the May Fair Hotel (and some others), and therefore to learn quite as much as is good for him concerning the public behaviour and private yearnings of Those Charming People (and, again, some others)?

Major F. M. Swindells, the Major of the May Fair, is a tall and portly figure with the sort of face that only the very best cigars will fit; and he paces ambassadorially into these pages because he is about to do what all men, let us face it, must do sometime if they live long enough, whether they be lovers or quantity surveyors, and that is to retire.

He will no longer be managing director of the Gordon Hotels, but he will remain a director of the company; and to the lamentations of Mount Street and Grosvenor Square he would fain respond that a man who has lived to be seventy has, particularly in these days of faster-than-sound aeroplanes, seen everything once, even a house being built, and is entitled to desire little further out of life than a few thousand a year and a chance to become acquainted with his family.

And that will be enough of that. It is one thing to lift a reminiscent hat to the scribe of Shepherd's Market, but quite another to keep it raised permanently, particularly in this climate.

The first opportunity one has of meeting the Major on any weekday is precisely at 8.20 a.m., when he appears in the main lobby of the hotel. We said "precisely," and we mean it. The time never varies by more than a second. The Major's life, indeed, is ruled by a gold hunter watch which never loses more than four seconds in a month, and to which he refers constantly. If punctuality is indeed the politeness of princes, the Major has positively imperial manners.

He patrols the hotel from the still-room to the kitchens, and he is like the golden eagle in this, if no other respect—that his beat never varies.

On one such tour of inspection we asked him if he would not see more if he turned up unexpectedly in the various departments.

"That," he said in kindly rebuke, "would be a little like spying, wouldn't it? In any event, bad work can't be hidden."

Three times a day he does that patrol. For the rest, he is either in his old-rose suite on the fourth floor or in the head offices of Gordon Hotels.

At both places he is protected by one, Hughsie: in other words, his secretary, Miss Pamela Hughes. If you met Hughsie, you would say, "What a demure, attractive little thing!" But you try getting at the Major of the May Fair without her approval! Although she is only twenty-three, she can tell by one level look at you whether you are a sheep or a goat.

If goat—well, the Siegfried Line was a meagre moat compared with Hughsie's defensive system. If you ask us, she is the power behind the May Fair throne.

BEING well-known sheep, we were recently allowed to have lunch with the Major; and that, in these days of gastronomic gloom, is a really ennobling experience.

It would be sadism on our part to itemise the menu, but the Major swore it was all strictly within the regulations. His hotel, he said, had never gone into the Black Market, and never would. Any guest could have the same. Well, any general manager.

Over lunch the Major told us something of his experiences in fifty years of the hotel business, but nobody need feel nervous, for his anecdotes were all discreet, confound it.

Of all the famous names he mentioned, from the Duke of Windsor to Georges Carpentier, the one about which he loved best to talk seemed to be Jimmy White, the astonishing financier who was one of the comets of the 'twenties. This sort of thing:

"Jimmy said to me one day when I was managing the Metropole, 'I want to give a party to-night to welcome Solly Joel home from South Africa. Something special. I leave it to you.'"

"I was stumped for an idea until I was passing South Africa House that afternoon, and saw in its windows a model of Kimberley Diamond Mines. We borrowed it, and made it the main table decoration. Jimmy always wondered how we had done it so quickly."

"Another time he gave a party for Ivy Tresmand. The orchids alone cost £800. What a spender he was!"

At that time the Major's hotel was running the Midnight Follies. Beatrice Lillie, Gladys Cooper, Dorothy Dixon, Gaby Deslys, and a score of other stars appeared in the Follies, and you will be pleased to know that the Major says they were all nice girls, no trouble at all.

Later, at the May Fair, he put on Ambrose and his Band, and that, again, is widely held to be the peak in its field.

In all, the Major has run or advised more than a dozen of the world's fashionable hotels, including the Metropole at Monte Carlo and the Bristol at Beaulieu, where the international lawn-tennis courts were mined by the Germans during the war—a deed for which, you can see, the Major will never forgive them.

He has several other grudges against the late enemy. The May Fair was damaged by bombs and 175 rooms were put out of commission. The Metropole at Brighton was requisitioned by Air Cadets, Poles, Canadians and Australians. The Metropole at Monte Carlo received a stray shell from a British ship. It made the Major wish he was back in uniform again.

It was, of course, his second big war. He earned his military title in the Near East between 1915 and 1918, when he was a kind of super-quartermaster to the forces there. Baghdad? He knows it by the Semiramis Hotel, with its billiard-table in the front hall. Teheran? Ah, yes, that's where the Firdausi is, with its English bar. Bombay? The Taj Mahal Hotel needs rebuilding. Cairo? Shepherd's suffers from its ugly surroundings.

SIMILARLY, he remembers the great not so much by what they said, but by what sort of parties they preferred and how promptly they paid their bills. (Non-payers, we gathered, are rare, even among the smaller fry. Hotel staffs can spot bilkers as surely as customs officials smell smugglers.)

Over the cigars, the Major went back to his early days. Intended for the Civil Service, he fought shy at the last moment and secured instead a job as private secretary in the huge concern of which he is at present managing director. He got on. He went up. He became gradually a distinguished gourmet and a wise adviser in the matter of wines. Also he worked fourteen hours a day, and liked it.

Even to-day, at seventy, he sometimes does paper-work far into the night—when Hughsie lets him.

BUT the time for slackening-off has come; the time to go and sit quietly in his seaside home, to read the detective stories he assimilates regularly, to sort the gadgets he loves to collect, and to pet the Pekinese dogs his daughter keeps.

Here, then, the Major of the May Fair makes his farewell with the sort of bow he usually reserves for the reception of royalty. And if it were not almost sacrilege to suggest that he could wink at such a moment, we should have thought we detected just the faintest flicker of an eyelid as he did so, as if he were assuring you all that your little secrets are safe with him.



- The Dogs
○ The Hare

A course in progress at Hawthorn Hill, giving a good impression of the spaciousness of the coursing ground. The judge, Mr. W. H. Applewhite, is mounted in order to keep the dogs in view and decide which shows the greater stamina and intelligence in the pursuit—it is this comparison, and not the killing of the hare, which often escapes, which is the aim of coursing

“The Tatler” goes coursing with

The Hawthorn Hill Club at Bracknell, Berkshire

INTEREST in coursing is increasing rapidly, and at the first big meeting of the season, held by the Hawthorn Hill Coursing Club, near Bracknell, Berkshire (one of the nurseries of the sport), there was a most gratifying attendance on each of the two days.

Many of those present were watching coursing for the first time, and saw three stakes, the Berkshire Cup (winner £400; runner-up, £100), the Bray Stakes, for dog puppies, and the Binfield Stakes, for bitch puppies. Although there

were plenty of strong hares, it was not found possible to run sufficient trials to decide an outright winner, and in each case the stakes were divided. Miss Wilmot, president of the Club, has made available a splendid stretch of ground which not only gave plenty of room for turns and brought out all there was in the dogs, but gave the spectators a first-rate view of each course.

There were naturally some surprises. Mr. T. Ramsden's Ramree, much fancied for the Berkshire Cup, had to be withdrawn after beating

Mr. G. H. Scadgell's Please Peter, and Mrs. C. Lister's Cottage Leap in the second round unexpectedly but on form deservedly beat Mr. J. A. Hipwell's Jonwell Penguin to survive in the last ties and share the stake. But such happenings are the salt of coursing, and in such an arduous (for the dogs) and strictly regulated sport, where pluperfect condition must be added to pedigree to give a dog anything like an even chance, a defeat is merely a stimulus to put a finer edge on training.



Mrs. K. Shennan and her dogs, Live Shell and Latent Suspicion



Mrs. Arthur Jacobson and Major Hermon chatting between the courses



Mrs. Dyke Dennis, with two of her dogs, and Mr. E. Baxter



Mr. John Wright, a trainer, and the Earl of Sefton



Mrs. Garland and Mrs. B. W. Richards discuss the programme



Mrs. Page, Mrs. A. Rhodes-Moorhouse, Mr. L. Lucas and Mrs. "Bobs" Lucas



The judge, Mr. W. H. Applewhite, talking to Mr. H. T. Rich, of the Hawthorn Hill Club committee



Mr. J. A. Hipwell, with four of his handsome Jonwell dogs, and his trainer, Jim Tyrer



x evonde
Mrs. Robert Cecil, who recently gave birth to a son, married the Hon. Robert Cecil, Viscount Cranborne's heir, last December. She was formerly Miss Wyndham-Quin, daughter of Capt. the Hon. V. Wyndham-Quin and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, of Chippenham



Miss Doreen Simmonds, daughter of Sir Oliver and Lady Simmonds, of Brentford, for whom a party was given a short time ago by her parents at Claridge's to celebrate her coming-of-age



Fayer
Mrs. O. E. Bickford has been married in New York to Major Charles St. G. Maydwell. She was the widow of Cdr. O. E. Bickford, D.S.O., R.N., and is the daughter of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtenay

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has been spending the inside of a fortnight at Sandringham shooting, with a small number of his men friends, including Sir Piers Legh, who had a great deal to tell the King of his recent air "survey" of the Royal route for the South African tour next year; a subject in which the King takes, to say the least, a very direct and personal interest. Pheasants are fairly plentiful in the Sandringham coverts this year, so the King and his guns had good sport on most days, with bright sunshine in happy contrast to the rain which marred nearly every day's sport during the whole of the King's stay at Balmoral.

While the King was shooting in Norfolk, the Queen remained for an extra few days in the North with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, returning to Balmoral after a happy and exciting day with them aboard the Queen Elizabeth. To the Queen it was a particularly inspiring day, as she remembered the gaunt, steel structure that the ship was when she launched her into the Clyde on that September day of 1938 while the world was waiting on the outcome of Munich.

The Queen, who has always had a natural gift for the imaginative little acts that bring a day to life, delighted everyone aboard when, disdaining the second "dummy" wheel at which the photographers had asked her to pose, she asked permission of Commodore Sir James Bisset, the captain of the "Q.E.", and took over the real operative wheel, steering the liner for the space of several minutes. It spoke volumes for the ambassadorial calm of the captain that he watched without the slightest sign of nervousness or anxiety as an amateur helmsman—even though it was the Queen—took charge of his ship.

The small party aboard included Sir Percy Bates, chairman of the Cunard-White Star; Lady Bates, Lord Aberconway, chairman of John Brown and Company, the ship's builders, and Lady Aberconway, the Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire (Mr. A. A. Hagart-Speirs), Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple Hamilton and his daughter, and Sir Thomas Brocklebank, deputy chairman of the Line.

STAYING AT SUNNINGDALE

THE Duke and Duchess of Windsor, making their first stay of any length in this country since their marriage, are leading a very quiet life at Ednam Lodge, Sunningdale, which the Earl of Dudley put at the Duke's disposal for his visit.

Several of the closer friends of the Duke and Duchess have been to see them, including Lord Brownlow, but the Duke has firmly refused to make any public appearances. Indeed, he has had little time for such things, being kept busy with the main purpose of his visit, the sorting-out and arranging of many of his personal effects and furniture which have been in store at Fort Belvedere throughout the war.

Future plans for the Duke and Duchess are still uncertain, but I hear that negotiations for the purchase of a country estate in the west of Ireland are in their final stages, so it is possible that they may make their home in Eire.

SOUTHWELL-JESSEL DANCE

TO open this season's round of private dances, Mrs. Bailey Southwell and Mrs. Jessel gave a most enjoyable party at the latter's home in Clarendon Place, which formerly belonged to the Governor-General of New Zealand, Gen. Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C. Miss Eila Jessel, the attractive daughter of the house, wore white crêpe, while Miss Mary Bailey Southwell looked outstanding in a dress of silver lamé, trimmed

with a spray of crimson roses and a matching bow in her fair hair. Both girls are studying together at Oxford University.

The panelled double drawing-room on the first floor was used as a ballroom, and amongst the many people dancing round to the music of an excellent band I saw Lord John Manners, Miss Virginia Forbes-Adams, Miss Ann Winn, the Hon. Morys Bruce and his wife, her brother, Mr. Francis Dashwood, partnering Miss Georgina Phillipi; Mrs. Charles Jessel, a cousin of the hostess, and Lady Joan Peake's eldest daughter Iris, who wore sapphire-blue velvet. Her younger sister Sonia is marrying the late Lord Edward Hay's only son within the next few months.

I noticed a number of relatives who arrived together in the same parties, and these included the Hon. Julian and the Hon. Karis Mond, the latter still receiving congratulations on her successful production of *Hamlet*. I am told that she is the youngest producer ever to have attempted this great play. The Hon. Charles and the Hon. Patricia Stourton also came together, as did Miss Mary and Miss Monica Stourton, Miss Molly and Mr. Harry Middleton, Mr. Ashley Ponsonby and his sisters, Juliet and Lavinia, and Lady Morvyth Benson's two tall daughters Jill and Sally, the latter wearing a lovely bright-coloured striped satin dress.

LATE ARRIVALS

AMONGST the later arrivals were Miss Katherine Stanley, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, and a party of four consisting of Miss Venetia Fawcus, Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson, Prince Michael Obolensky and Capt. David Gurney.

A flat roof over the kitchen had been cleverly transformed into a marquee, while downstairs there was an excellent sit-down supper. Here I saw Miss Ann Boyle, Miss June Wendell, the Hon. Caroline Scott-Montagu, Lady Bailey and her daughter Patricia, who gave a successful dance at Hurlingham last summer; Capt. Joshua Rolly and Mr. Gavin Astor and his lovely young wife, the former Lady Irene Haig.

By midnight the usual dances, such as the Hokey-Cokey, the Palais Glide and the Conga, had been performed, and they were followed immediately by an Eightsome Reel and Strip the Willow. Dancing the latter I saw Mr. Harry Graham-Vivian, the Hon. Diana Berry and Mr. Robert Grimston, who was in good form after his holiday in Scotland. He told me his sister Rosemary is now at a finishing-school in Switzerland. Others dancing were Lord Bicester's granddaughter, Miss Jane Randall-Smith, Miss Janet Marshall-Cornwall, Mr. Bobby Henderson, Miss Penelope Forbes, wearing white, Miss Mariegold Bridgeman, who had fastened two roses at the back of her fair hair; Mr. Bobby Finnia, Mrs. Frances Westmacott, Miss Caroline Hay, Miss Jane Ruggles-Brise and Miss "Jackie" Carlisle.

PACE—RUSSELL WEDDING

THE HON. PATRICK and Mrs. Johnstone lent their attractive house in Great Cumberland Place for the reception after the marriage at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Mr. Noel Pace and Miss Sheila Russell.

The bride, who is the only daughter of the late Sir Alec Russell and of Mrs. Faviell, was given away by her stepfather, Brig. John Faviell, and looked charming in a dress of white brocade with a long tulle veil. Her two bridesmaids, Miss Verena Leach and Miss Anne Mathew, wore long dresses of maize-coloured crêpe, with twisted velvet head-dresses that toned with the autumn flowers which decorated the church and the rooms at the reception,

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where the bride's mother and her stepfather received the guests, and her brother, Sir Charles Russell, moved about the rooms looking after everyone most attentively.

Sir Charles had his fiancée, Miss Rosemary Prestige, at the wedding and they were receiving many congratulations on their engagement. He told me they plan to get married early in the New Year in Kent, where the bride-to-be's parents, Sir John and Lady Prestige, own lovely Bourne Park, near Canterbury. Among the guests I met the bridegroom's parents, Capt. and Mrs. Pace, Lady Dumphie, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Russell, Major-Gen. P. W. Percival, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Russell, Col. the Hon. Bertrand Russell, Sir Robert Muir Mackenzie, his mother Lady Muir Mackenzie, and his stepfather, Major Holberton. The Hon. Patrick and Mrs. Johnstone were there, and so were Sir Theobald and Lady Mathew.

After the cake had been cut and a few short speeches made, the young couple changed into their going-away clothes, the bride looking sweet in a suit of two shades of brown and a halo hat match, and left for the airport to fly to Switzerland for their honeymoon.

BALLET AND OPERA

WHAT promises to be one of the social events of the "little season" is the opening night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, next Friday (25th). They are starting their winter season with a production of *Coppelia*. Their next new work will be *Les Sirenes*, a ballet by Frederick Ashton, with music by Lord Berners, for which Noel Beaton has done the décor. I hear the production of the Covent Garden Opera Company is well advanced, and that they will first be seen together with the Sadler's Wells Ballet in a Christmas production of Purcell's *Fairy Queen* in December.

Talking of opera reminds me that Signor Pavarotti will be heard in London for the first time since 1939 when he appears in two performances of *La Bohème*, and two of *Pagliacci*, and in *Calliope Rusticana* at Covent Garden in November with the C.M.F. San Carlo Opera Company, who will return to the Royal Opera House for these four performances.

ORIGINAL BAZAAR

THE National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs have chosen an original idea for their bazaar to be held at the May Fair to-morrow and Friday (October 24th and 25th). The stalls are arranged as rooms, ranging from the drawing-room to the larder, and visitors will be able to buy Christmas presents for the home from top to bottom. Even the attic is catered for!

Lady Hambleden is in charge of the library, where you can buy books and stationery, and Lady Openshaw and the Countess of Sefton are in charge of the visitors' suite, where they will sell anything from a pillow-case to a chandelier. The garden has not been forgotten either, as there is a potting-shed where the Duchess of Norfolk and the Hon. Daphne Courthope, assisted by members of the Sussex branch of the Association, will be officiating.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has promised to visit the bazaar on the second day, when the Association are making her a presentation for her three children. Baroness Ravensdale, who takes such a keen interest in these clubs, is organising the world première of *The School for Secrets* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on November 7th to help the funds of the Association.



Bassano

Sir Charles and Lady Birkin with their daughters, Jenny, aged five, and Amanda, aged three, at their home, Henshill, Hawkhurst, Kent. Sir Charles is the fifth Baronet and succeeded his uncle in 1942. He and Lady Birkin were married in 1940



Swaebe

The Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay at their home, Manor House, Little Marlow, Bucks. Their daughter is Lady Serena Jane and their sons the Hon. David Paul Nicholas and Lord Dundas. The Earl, who is the Marquess of Zetland's heir, is a keen farmer

Ascot: and the Eyes of Souverain

A NEW race, the King George VI. Stakes, caused tremendous excitement at the recent Ascot meeting, and a big crowd came to see the race run. The winner was Mr. Schmitt's Souverain, winner of the French Grand Prix and French St. Leger, with Mr. Macdonald's Bright News, winner of the Irish Derby, five lengths away second and Mr. Ferguson's Airborne, winner of the Derby and St. Leger, third. A really international race, with France, Eire and England filling the first three places.

The winner, who in this race proved himself the European champion, like many good horses has a few white hairs at the root of his tail. He has a suspicion of a wall-eye which is shown clearly in these photographs, and is said to resemble greatly Florizel II., who was owned by the late King Edward VII. and who had nearly a wall-eye too. This is interesting as Souverain, on his dam's side, traces back to Hampton, who was the sire of Florizel II.



One of the strangest sights ever seen on an English racecourse as Souverain finishes

THE PREMIÈRE OF "THE MAGIC BOW" AT THE ODEON



Mr. Keith Dobson and Margaret Lockwood, the actress



Dennis Price, star of "A Canterbury Tale," and his wife



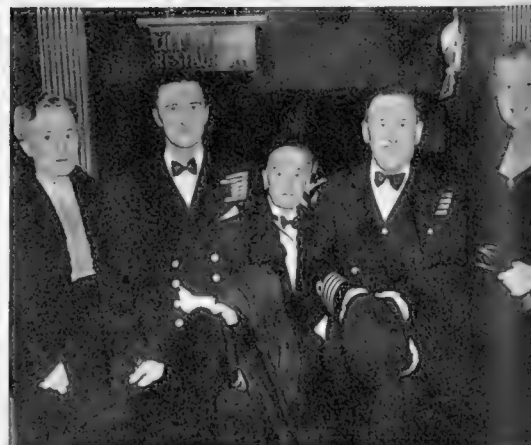
Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen were also present



H.M. Queen Mary being greeted by Mr. J. Arthur Rank. The première was in aid of the London Homœopathic Hospital



Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Morgan, Mrs. Gossage and Lady Morgan



Mrs. M. J. Mansergh and Rear-Admiral Mansergh, and Capt. and Mrs. Cazalet



Led in after the race, Souverain looks anything but pleased with his gallant victory



Another expression: "Only five lengths? I assure you I did my best"



Souverain turns the other cheek and reveals the rightful mien of a conqueror

MARBLE ARCH



and Mrs. W. S. Hancock buying a programme



The Duchess of Kent is welcomed by the Matron of the London Homœopathic Hospital



Right to left: Jean Kent, Yussef Romart, Sir David Hanley and Patricia Roc

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR RETURN TO SUNNINGDALE

While visiting England, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are staying at Ednam Lodge, the Earl of Dudley's house near Fort Belvedere, at Sunningdale, Berks. On another page Jennifer writes of the visit, which is their first since September 1939, and is chiefly for the purpose of visiting friends and, possibly, acquiring an Irish property



The Duke and Duchess on their arrival from Paris



Admiral Sir John Power, second-in-command of the Eastern Fleet, speaking at a luncheon given by the Press Club to S.E.A.C. leaders, with Mr. Horace Sanders (left) and Mr. Morley Richards (right)



Admiral Lord Fraser, who was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Fleet in 1944, and Mr. Percy Rudd



Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, who was A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East, in the last year of the war, and Mr. Ernest Bland



Admiral Viscount Mountbatten speaking at the luncheon. In the chair is Lord Burnham, wartime Director of Public Relations at the War Office



General Sir William ("Bill") Slim, the famous Commander of the Fourteenth Army in Burma, also spoke

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Around the

THE Salon de l'Automobile is, so to write, a bigger box-office draw than the Paris Conference, if one may judge by the crowds that have rolled into town by every kind of wheelbarrow-carriage-cart-train method of transportation.

At the Grand Palais itself one can hardly see the cars for the drivers, or, rather, would-be drivers, since, though we may look—when we can reach the ropes—we may not touch. Everything is for exportation. But perhaps this is just as well. When the 2-flea-power-sardine-tins-on-wheels reach the open market, where on earth are we going to put them, since it is already well-nigh impossible, at the time of writing, to find garage-space for all the dear old "flivvers" that abound?

No one seems able to explain this phenomenon. It is all part and parcel of the amazing world in which we are living. Cars seem unobtainable. Petrol is worth its weight in paper money, and yet the streets are as crowded as in 1939; we seem to get all the juice we need over and above the official 20 litres a month (and, speaking for myself, not necessarily at B.M. prices), and at the same time the roar of discontent that rises to the heavens is as loud as a dozen Bikini bombs going off together.

THE new baby cars all look more attractive than each other. But one thinks of the old French proverb *trop poli pour être honnête*, though it's not the polish (forgive the bad pun) that I am thinking of, though I am convinced that they are indeed too bright and beautiful to last. They have many gadgets to get out of order. The repair shops will be working overtime.

A strange new crowd gathers under the ornate dome of the Grand Palais. Who said that there are no more uniforms in Paris. That of the B.M. lads is as recognisable as the battle-dress of G.I. Joe! It consists of a beautifully cut (but not often beautifully worn) sports jacket of heavy tweed, pale-grey or fawn bags, rich silk shirts brilliantly striped or checked, flamboyant ties warranted to stop a charging rhinoceros in its own length, buckskin shoes with leather soles almost an inch thick, silk socks that run the brilliancy of the ties a close second; add cuff-links, tie-pins and rings to taste, and you have the whole of the pretty picture.

The ladies, who accompany these squires show more variety in their attire, but they have a uniformly self-conscious manner of wearing the lovely garments that the *grands couturiers* have designed.

I SPENT a few days at my Farm-on-the-Island last week in order to close the house for the winter. With its rustic furniture, cream-washed walls, and old, red-brick floors this is not a difficult job. One just takes down and folds the curtains, up-ends the divans against the walls, wraps the blankets in moth-proof sheets, and . . . there you are! Nothing to do except put the keys under a flower-pot and trust the guardian to come in from the village every week to open the windows and air the place.

The "garden" takes care of itself, and since "Farm" is a courtesy title, there is no livestock to bother about except an occasional wasp, turquoise-coloured lizards and the little white snails that are so useful for bait when one goes fishing. The weather was divine and, as most of the visitors have gone, life was almost cheap. A salad cost a few *sous*, while in Paris it still touches the 20-franc mark (and may go higher now that the holiday-makers are back), and, judging from the good things in the pork butcher's shop, all the pigs on the Island must recently have been slaughtered to make a holiday.

I filled Miss Chrysler's speeder (or do I mean spider?) with potatoes and pork and hit the pike for Paris, pavements and the long, long

Motor Show

months that separate me from my next visit to that perfect spot of earthly paradise. In the last few years I have driven all over France and large parts of Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany, and in all that time I have not been stopped by the Military Police as I was stopped by the *gendarmes* on this homeward trek. A dozen times I had to show my *papiers*. One of the poor *cretins* suavely remarked: "We always stop the ladies!"

ON the whole, these gentlemen in blue or khaki were fairly rapid in their examination of the various documents that are exacted of drivers in this country, but just outside Nogent-le-Rotrou a couple of uniformed yokels positively rolled up their sleeves to the job. They read every permit I possess from the heading at the top to the official stamp at the bottom. They hunted for the number of the chassis and, to my delight, covered themselves with oil in the process. They requested me in peremptory tones to "lift my right hand and swear" that the car had been in my possession as long as stated on the *carte grise*. They then wanted to know why I was driving an American car instead of a French one, but to this question I was entitled to reply—and I used the privilege—that it was none of their polite business. I am forgetting to say, by the way, that being a very old model, my roadster has its name sprawled, in chromium letters, across the radiator.

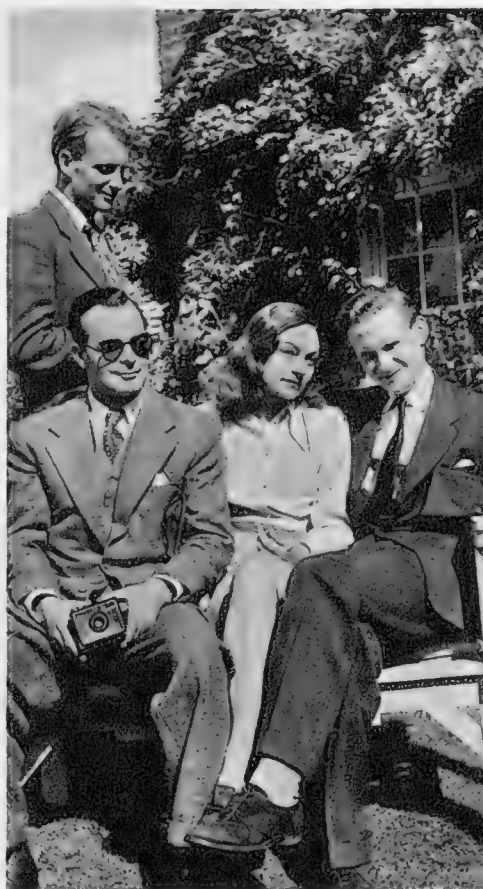
At last, after twenty minutes, they told me I could proceed. I thought I might as well put in one question myself, so I asked them the why and wherefore of this detailed examination. "*Hé bien*," answered the Man of authority with his broad country accent, "a car was stolen from Courville last night"—he consulted his notebook—"a *Citroën coupé*, and we are looking for it!"

THE Paris theatres are going back to their bad old ways of starting and ending later than ever, and I arrived in town in time for the *première* of Jean Blanchon's amusing *comédie-farce* at the Mathurins: *L'Extravagant Captain Smith*, a clever *pochade* brilliantly played by the Rideau de Paris company led by Marcel Terrand and an exquisite young newcomer named Dany Robin, wearing dainty mid-eighteenth-century frocks designed by Alyette Amazeuühl. This show delighted me, and a good deal of my pleasure was due to the incidental music that introduced such charming old tunes as "Oh, my darling Clementine," "Little Brown Jug," and other unexpectedly familiar ones.

Next evening came André Puget's new play *Le Saint Bernard*, at the Bouffes-Parisiens, about which least said the better, and, anyway, the performance was spoiled by the perpetual interruptions of the flashlight fiends bent on "snapping" Jean-Pierre Aumont's Hollywood-star-wife, Lola Montez. It was hard lines on the poor girl that their seats were in the front row of the stalls, so that she had to turn her head to give admirers a chance; she must have gone home with a bad crick in the neck.

Voilà!

● A certain streamline car, very long, low and rakish, is the *clou* of the Salon de l'Automobile and its price runs into many, many figures. Only a B.M. Pork King could ever dream of acquiring it. Madame, jewelled, gowned and furred to the limit, was nagging her husband to buy it. "But you can't see anything from a car like that," grumbled Monsieur. "With a car like that you don't want to see anything," she answered. "You only want to be seen!"



Mrs. Matthews (Pat Desmond) with Mr. Tony Forwood, Mr. Hugh McDermott and Mr. Peter Daubeny



A. E. Matthews and his wife. He plays a very vocal uncle in "But for the Grace of God"



A tense moment in the table-tennis match. It is not reported who won, but to judge from the expressions the game seems to be definitely going in favour of Miss Jerrold

A. E. Matthews Gives a Party

The veteran actor A. E. Matthews recently gave a party at his lovely old cottage near London to celebrate his return to the stage in the successful Lonsdale play *But for the Grace of God*, at the St. James's. Most of the guests were members of the cast. An outstanding event of the afternoon was a table-tennis match between the host and Mary Jerrold, who made her first London appearance in April 1896 at the St. James's, when A. E. Matthews was playing at the Princess's, with ten years' stage experience behind him

A Wedding in Autumn

THE marriage of Major David Chetwode, son of Admiral Sir George Chetwode and the late Lady Chetwode, to Lady Willa Elliot, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, was one of the most beautiful weddings I have been to.

The ceremony took place in the fine St. James's Church, Spanish Place, which was decorated with vases of arum lilies and giant golden chrysanthemums. The music was very impressive. On the arrival of the bride the organ played Walford Davies's "Solemn Melody," followed by a tenor solo of the same composer's lovely epithalamium, "God be in my head," and after the ceremony the organist played "Blue Bonnets over the Border," which gave a truly Scottish touch to the wedding.

The bride, who is a lovely girl, looked radiant as she walked down the aisle with her bridegroom, followed by a retinue of fourteen. Her wedding dress of ivory satin was made with a slight bustle, and with it she wore an exquisite family lace veil, which was held in place by a wreath of mixed white flowers, and she carried a shower bouquet of cream roses.

THERE were three grown-up bridesmaids, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, Lady Caroline Scott, and Lady Alice Egerton, with eleven child attendants—the bride's two first cousins, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton and Lord Binning, the Hon. Lana Baring, Anna Tweedie, Veronica Baring, Janet Chetwode, Margaret Hills, Christopher Chetwode, John McEwen, Robert Faulkener, and Hugh Myddelton. The bridesmaids wore long dresses of cream tulle with wide gold-tissue sashes and very attractive head bandeaux of gold tissue trimmed with cream and white flowers, matching their bouquets. The five little pages wore replicas of the early-nineteenth-century dress uniform of the Coldstream Guards.

After the ceremony the Earl and Countess of Minto held a reception at the home of Colonel the Hon. J. J. and Lady Violet Astor (Lord Minto's sister) in Carlton House Terrace.

Among those I saw were the bridegroom's father, Sir George Chetwode, and his stepmother, Lady Chetwode, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, the Earl and Countess of Haddington, and the bride's pretty sister, Lady Bridget Clark, who was meeting many friends and relations on her first visit to this country from the United States, where she has lived since her marriage in 1944. Everyone greatly missed her charming husband, Lt.-Col. Averell Clark, who was unable to get over for the wedding.

THE Earl and Countess of Cromer brought their daughter-in-law, Viscountess Errington. Lady Violet Astor had her daughter-in-law, Lady Irene Haig, with her, and her three sons, Gavin, Hugh and John, who were all ushers in the church. Among the other ushers were the bride's two brothers, Viscount Melgund and the Hon. George Elliot, the Earl of Dalkeith, Major Mervyn Vernon, and eleven-year-old Simon Chetwode, a nephew of the bridegroom. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott and her sister, Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston, Lady Rosemary Hills, Sir Paston and Lady Bedingfeld, Lady Kathleen Rollo, Brigadier and Lady Betty Weston, and Lady Margaret Egerton were a few of the other guests I saw at the wedding.

CAPT. GAVIN ASTOR proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom after the bride had cut the magnificent wedding cake which had been flown from America. The happy couple left for a honeymoon in Florida, Lady Willa wearing a long coat of sapphire-blue velvet over a pale-blue dress with a pale-blue hat to match. From Florida they plan to go up to Canada, and on to stay with her brother-in-law and sister at their home on Long Island.

Jennifer



A happy interlude as Lady Bridget Clark adjusts the headdress of her sister, Lady Willa Chetwode. Chetwode stands behind his bride, while the bridesmaids, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, who is together with the best man, Major William.



Admiral Sir George and Lady Chetwode and the Earl and Countess of Minto receiving the guests at Col. the Hon. J. J. Astor's home in Carlton House Terrace



Photographs by Swaabe
 before she posed for a photograph of the wedding group. Major
 ally to be married, and Lady Alice Egerton look laughingly on,
 Langham



Lady Oliver talking to Lady Irene Astor and her husband,
 Mr. Gavin Astor, at the reception



The Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, Lord
 Howard of Glossop's heir, and his wife



Lady Bridget Clark, sister of the
 bride, and Mrs. Philip Lucas



The Duchess of Northumberland, elder daughter of the
 Duke of Buccleuch, and the Earl of Dalkeith at the reception



The bride and bridegroom with Lady Willa's great-
 aunt, the Dowager Countess of Antrim

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

AN Irishman found a dog occupying the only vacant seat in the bus. He turned to the conductor and said: "What is the country coming to, when a dog can have a seat but a human being cannot!"

The conductor told the owner to remove the dog, which he did. The Irishman, after he had occupied the seat, forgot all about the incident, and tried to be friendly with the owner of the dog.

"It's a nice dog you have, Sir," said he to the owner.

No reply.

"He must be a great fighter."

No reply.

"What's the breed, Sir?"

The owner thought he had an opportunity to hit back and replied: "I'll tell you what breed he is—he's a cross between an Irishman and an ape."

"Shure, Sir," replied the Irishman promptly, "will ye shake hands? He's related to both of us."

* * *

An indignant dowager once demanded of Dr. Gallup, the famous sampler of public opinion in America, why she had never been questioned on any subject whatever.

"Madam," soothed Gallup, "don't you realise that your chances of being interviewed are about equal to your chance of being struck by lightning?"

"I have been struck by lightning," the lady answered.

* * *

"Two days without food or water," said the Commando to an admiring audience in the local inn, "think of that."

"Pretty bad," agreed a middle-aged man, "but how would you like to have fought in the trenches in Flanders? Sometimes we were up to the waist in icy water and mud for a week or more."

"Call yourself soldiers?" snorted a very old man who had hobbled up to the bar. "Pah! When I was in the Zulu war a spear knocked me down and pinned me to the ground. I couldn't move, and I lay there for days without food or drink."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Commando, "it must have been very painful."

"Not very," answered the old man. "Only when I laughed."

* * *

A Hollywood actor is reported to have played the part of Lincoln so many times that he has assumed the habits of the great President, even going so far as to adopt characteristic garb. Recently, dressed in the cape and tall hat of Lincoln's day, he nodded gravely to another prominent actor. Waiting until the Lincoln-minded Thespian was out of earshot, the other murmured: "That fellow will never be satisfied until he is assassinated."

* * *

The late Bolton Hall, the author, was walking in New York with a friend when a beggar appealed to him. Mr. Hall produced from his pocket a considerable assortment of coins—a 50-cent piece the largest—and held them out to the old woman on the palm of his hand. She looked astonished, then picked one of the quarters and blessed him fervently.

"Do you always let them choose that way?" asked the friend.

"Yes," he said, "it gives them a feeling of self-respect to resist the temptation to take the largest coin—no one ever has—and then, too, it relieves me of any responsibility of feeling mean. You see," he added, "I'd really rather keep the largest for myself!"

A Shephard Success

The Shephard Show at the Princes Theatre has all the ingredients which have made the productions of Firth Shephard so successful in the past, and several new ones as well. It has an exceptionally strong cast, including a quartet of our best-known comedians, and sentiment is cunningly intermixed with humour to round off a production of unusual colour and verve.



The backbone of "The Shephard Show": "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, Arthur Riscoe, Douglas Byng as a frolicsome dame, and Richard Hearne with the familiar wrinkles

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

AS to the Jacolet, it is not to be heard of," wrote a Court lady *circa* 1688 to the handsome but somewhat cracky Duchess of Albemarle, then governing Jamaica. The complaint was echoed only last week by a ravenous gossip-girl to whom, apparently, a gentleman had once given some chocolate as a free gift (or so she implied).

The "jacolet" which the Duchess had sent the Queen and which had failed to arrive—as to-day—was obviously a packet of dark rich fragrant blocks to be rasped with a silver rasp and drunk as it is still drunk in Spain, thick, hot, and sweet, with a "chaser" of ice-cold water; the national drink which reminds the Spaniard of a dead and glorious Imperial past, as tea does the Englishman. Where the idea came from of torturing chocolate into fancy shapes and giving it to women, we wouldn't know; it sounds like a French trick. Quite likely one of the Comédie-Française boys first thought of it, to spite a rival star at matinées; for nothing can upset a leading actor of the Comédie, preening himself to roll out a tremendous tirade of Corneille:

*O rage! O désespoir! O vieillesse ennemie!
N'ai-je donc tant vécu que pour cette infamie?* . . .

more than the sight of rows of women in front chewing steadily away like a herd of Jerseys. A. B. Walkley, Drama Critic of the *Times*, was fearfully offended by this *matinée-habit*. Greed and humiliation may have accounted for some of his frenzy. No woman ever leaned over and offered homely Mr. Walkley one, it seems.

Footnote

TOFFEE-CENTRED chocolates were invented with a subtler motive, we guess, by a stockbroker, the idea being to stick pearly teeth so firmly together that the dainty tongue can't discuss and denounce. Doubtless all these theories are wrong and some pensive dentist started the whole racket in a playful moment. Hello there, Wimpole Street.

Master

AMONG the more interesting Press-photographs of the recent West End hotel strike was one of a chef attending a kitchen conference in full white canonicals, high *barrette*, and above all, hornrimmed spectacles, these last lending him that appearance of extreme learning which even dons acquire that way.

In a perfect civilisation this potentate would be a D. Coc. (Oxon.), a Doctor of Cookery taking precedence, as his august science requires, of all the academic rabble and walking in procession immediately behind the silver pokers. We noted that he already has the careworn expression common to the masters; a quiet, philosophical melancholy which comes, no doubt, of years of cooking for types who toss good food down their gullets as if they were packing a

suitcase. One of the saddest men we ever met was an ex-chef retiring to France in a liner after making his fortune in a foreign country. His diet was grated raw carrots, dry spinach, and Vichy water, his talk was of Heliogabalus dishes served with exquisite nicety in baroque marble halls to heedless millionaires, his longing was for his native village in the Dordogne, good sleep, and a good death. He spoke of his late gilded clients, without heat, as *salands*. He also revealed to us a few things waiters do behind your back. They would cause your wellgroomed hair to stand on end.

Afterthought

INCIDENTALLY one thing which amused this brooding master was all that slow, solemn elaborate mumbo-jumbo wine-waiters practise at your table with vintage bottles reclining in baskets. Five minutes before this ritual begins, he said, the jovial boys underground have quite likely been tossing those sacred bottles from hand to hand like Indian clubs.

Fallacy

THOSE thieves who recently broke into the flat of Public Thinker No. 1 and stole his wireless set had evidently muddled their cerebral processes in a typical Nordic manner. They presumably believed this would stop him from broadcasting.

However, it shows that the populace is beginning to revolt. When the BBC appointed an expert to do all the Race's thinking for it everybody whooped, if you remember, thinking an intolerable burden had been cast off. What we chiefly got was a chain of giggles linked by gobs of pure disillusion (for example, somebody would ask the Master if it was wrong to poison one's wife, and he would say er—yes, yes, undoubtedly, tee-hee, I think so). This breeds disgust.

If those thieves had studied Descartes they would never have made this absurd blunder. Descartes' method is to make a clean sweep of all previous reasoning, apprehension, and conjecture and to depend on pure intuition. One would therefore argue the matter thus:

1. A hellish whiffing proceeds from this radio-box every Tuesday night.
2. It is not caused by the box itself, which is evidently harmless.
3. It must therefore be caused by some outside agency.

Following up this clue the smash-and-grab boys would discover that to bring the Race any relief they'd have to steal the Old Joybox in Portland Place. For broadcasting comes from the other end, and all those petulant attacks on radio-sets are of no avail. You've barely destroyed one before Mr. Murphy sells you another.

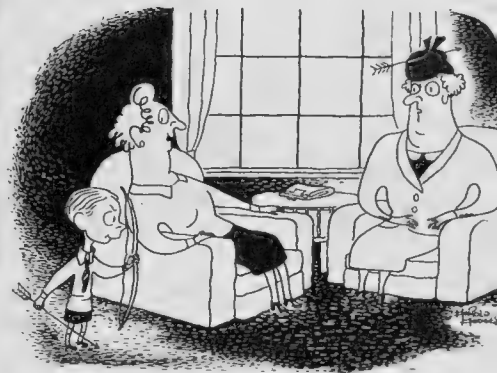


A moment of pathos as the old shoemaker (Richard Hearn) fits the young ballet dancer (Maureen Sims)



Houston Rogers

Ronald Boyer and Jeanne Ravel—with a most attractive chorus—express all the glamour of Old Mexico in "Southern Love"



"Take no notice. It merely encourages him"

Standing By ...

Tonic

FOR a critic to remark of a portrait of England's greatest Chancellor, shortly to be sold by auction, that it is "confidently attributed" to Holbein shows that the art-experts are recovering their pre-war nerve.

Enquiries in Bond and Harley Streets confirm this. A specialist in neuroses tells us that the wife of a leading professional connoisseur rang him up one night in great distress. This conversation ensued:

"I don't know what's wrong with him. He seems all shot to pieces."

"How are his attributions?"

"He doesn't seem able to attribute anything to anybody."

"Ah!"

"He used to be able to snap out 'Holbein' or 'Gainsborough' right away. Now he fumbles and gaffles and the suckers think he's barny."

What this state of nervous doodling spells to the art-racket you may easily guess. Moreover, a Bond Street chap tells us, art-patrons are rebelling. A fuming Black Market magnate with £15,000 to spend on a newly-discovered blasphemous doesn't want to be told beforehand that it's possibly the work of Alf Smith. Returning confidence in the expert boys will do everybody good, not excluding the manufacturers of the oil used in Bond Street for removing splatters from over-rubbed palms.

Rebel

PART from his versatility and brio as an artist, the late C. R. W. (Richard) Nevinson earned the dislike of many by rattling the academy boys with great verve over a long period.

The clash was inevitable, Nevinson being one of one thing whereas the R.A. is fond of another. The distinction is clearly laid down in Sir Joshua Reynolds's Constitutions (1768):

57. It is not the business of a member of this Royal Academy to fufs about Art. Let him rather study how to paint pictures.

58. Pictures are about Fiffing-Boats (St. Ives) and Highland Cattle at Pasture (Sunset).

59. Art is lousy.

Towards 1865 Landseer began rattling the R.A. with dollops of pure Art involving doggies and pussies, either at rest or licking old ladies. He got a bad Press.

"... wilful perversity.... The worst corruptions of France ... a decadent triumph.... 'Rover, You Naughty!' is an insult to British womanhood."

"... the leer on Pussy's face.... Byzantinism in decay...."

"Mr. Landseer's brush is un-English."

What started the rot was Rosa Bonheur's celebrated study of the MCC viewed from the rear and entitled *The Horse-Fair*. With typical Continental cynicism she had omitted their white flannel trousers. It looked as if Landseer

were introducing the same raw foreign note. However, when the dust had settled, Academicians quaking with age began slyly painting sunbonnets askew ("Hey for the Fair!") and Highland steers with a saucy expression ("Cattle in Sunset, Invergowkie"). Before long nobody worried about Art, least of all the public.

Interlude

APROPOS of nothing in particular, chaps who love clean linen may like to whistle in their bath two Laundry Lyrics we recently composed, and of which (it struck us) the world should not be deprived. Ready?

(a) The Faithful Heart

To make more starch I boiled poor Flossie,
And now each collar, stiff and glossy,
Reminds me of a faithful wife . . .
The Steamy Side of Laundry Life!

(b) Whisper at Eventide

Was Publicity the angle
When we put her through the mangle?
If she were not rolled so flat
Auntie Maud might answer that!

Lyric (a) has been attributed to Browning, lyric (b) to Tennyson. That shows you what our present status is in the poetry-racket.

Snag

BOWING three times, hands in sleeves, in the direction of James ("Hon. Boss") Agate, and drawing in our ignoble breath politely, we take leave to suggest in all humility that considering a major handicap, overlooked by the critic-boys so far, that new British "musical" challenging Hollywood on its own ground is a pretty valiant effort.

The handicap referred to is the admitted paucity in these islands of Class A girlish pans, which in America are ten-for-a-dime, and in Hollywood are used to stop up holes in sinks. Every waitress at the Brown Derby, for example, is a cross between Romney's Emma Hamilton, Greuze's Pitcher-Girl, and Botticelli's Venus. Hence a Hollywood film-director's job is merely throwing away, whereas a British film-director has to dig hard and deep. Which explains why a Hollywood "musical" is a Hollywood "musical."

Footnote

NOTHING to be done about it, and after all it's no disgrace. Half those Hollywood peaches lack those solid qualities which are far more desirable and durable than meretricious good-looks; whereas when you see a ballet of sweethearts galumphing round in a native production you know they are their aged mothers' prop and stay and world-champions with their needle. Having uttered which observation, we make the customary triple prostration before Hon. Boss and offer him a dainty jar of crystallised sea-slugs.



"If only the Government would ask us, we could overcome the money shortage in a jiffy!"

Pictures in the Fire

Sabretache

EVEN though most of us knew that there would be no more polo in London for the next four years, the passing of Hurlingham will be sorely felt even by those who may not know a polo ball from a ball of knitting wool, for it has been one of London's most restful havens these many long years past. It is probably inevitable in this iconoclastic age when the urge to destroy is so tremendously strong, that places like Hurlingham, and all for which they stand, should be first upon the list.

One would not mind the image-breakers doing their bull-in-a-china-shop act if it were not that in the process they destroy so much more—a fragrant atmosphere, which they can never replace, however clever they may imagine themselves to be. Their alchemy can never reproduce this almost undefinable thing. No definite news as to how this compulsory scheme is to be carried out is as yet to hand. All that we know is that a very beautiful and restful place, redolent of history and memories of many happy hours for so many people, is to be wrenched from its age-old frame and turned into something entirely different.

For Our Notebook

IT would be impossible to agree more with anyone than with our cautious adviser "Warren Hill" in what he says about His Majesty's Rising Light, who scored a quite bloodless victory in the Jockey Club Stakes, run over virtually the same distance as the Leger, though on a different and not quite so dead flat a course.

It is very difficult to parallel four-year-old and three-year-old form, but it is quite fair to say that Rising Light handed Mürren a heavier drubbing at Newmarket than Airborne did at Doncaster, when the two colts were at level weights. The length and a half did not represent Airborne's superiority on that day. At Newmarket Rising Light was giving Mürren 13 lb., and had him beaten quite as far from home.

The note I put in my little book after the Leger was: "Airborne galloping over the lot of them half a mile, perhaps more, from W.P." I still think that that was a fair verdict. The length and a half could easily have been more if it had been necessary to shake up Airborne more than had already been done. There is no one except the man on his back who can be quite positive about this sort of thing. I expect anyone who has ever been at the game knew exactly how much he had left between his knees.

A Fine Record

RISING LIGHT beat Mürren four lengths, giving him practically a stone. I do not think any of us have realised to the full what good animals His Majesty possesses in Rising Light and Kingstone, and I know from a Sure Hand that the Owner is tremendously pleased with their score. Freemason Lodge has a pretty good long-distance record: two Cesarewitch winners; two Ebor Handicap; two Leger; two Newmarket St. Leger; a Goodwood Stakes and an Ascot Cup, besides a brace of seconds. This is good enough to be going on with!

Nothing in either of these races had a chance with either Airborne or Rising Light a very long way from home. That is the main fact to remember. Immediately after the Jockey Club Stakes I ventured to express the hope to one intimately connected with this good four-year-old that the decision to sell him would be reconsidered. I hope so more than ever now, since his value at the stud has been so materially enhanced. He beat a pretty good field even if, as we now know, some of them were much overrated. I never believed that Mürren could win the Cesarewitch, and I put it to you that we have seen this proved conclusively twice. He had had all he wanted after a mile and a half at Doncaster, and also

at Newmarket. Surely he was a false favourite all the time.

The Jockey Club Stakes with 7 st. 12 lb. looked tempting, and also much more like his weather than 2½ miles. Just before that race he was struck out of the Cesarewitch. A good many of the too-eager ones, it is to be feared, must have burnt their fingers. However, it was entirely their own fault, for almost from the outset the trainer broadcast it far and wide that it was doubtful whether he would run.

Another note! If we accept the King George VI. Stakes form at its face value, then Airborne does not get 1½ miles, to say nothing of 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards. This we know is nonsense. The pitcher that goes too oft to the well is bound to get broken at last. I suggest that we view this Ascot form from that angle and do not lose faith in a very good horse.

The "Jodhpur"

IN reply to a letter seeking information, the first syllable of this word which describes a most popular riding garment is pronounced exactly as in the name of an erudite and very talkative member of the B.B.C. Brains Trust; the second one as if it were written "pour." The "breeches" have been adopted by the West, but have their origin in Rajputana, a state south-west of the Punjab—another word so badly punished by the B.B.C. intelligentsia. Being the province of the Five Rivers, it is rightly called the Pāñch (five) Ab (Waters) and hence is not "Poonjarb," or anything else.

Jodhpur State is famed principally for polo and pig-sticking, and for producing those who qualify for an honours degree in Equitation. The breeches are fairly general in that part of India, in the Punjab and on the Frontier, and are very popular with the ladies, who are usually very slim in the leg. It is only that kind of leg which ought to wear them, principally because anything in the 14- or 15-in. region makes it physically impossible for them to fit in that spot where they ought to cling like a porous plaster.

The Jodhpur was never meant for the leg which looks so entrancing in a silk stocking. Also it was never meant for people with feet like Dutch skates, owing to the trouble of getting it on and getting it off, especially if it has happened to get wet and muddy. Usually we found it good to wear an inch-and-a-quarter strap round the small of the knee. It helps a lot, especially in a rough ride, and it materially assists the billiard-table leg.

There is another little matter: these dock-tailed coats. They look dreadful. The *chaphān*, favoured especially by the Indian cavalry, is infinitely smarter and more comfortable, and certainly would look much better on those who favour The Seymour. Anything bang-tail has a bit more to it than anything docked off short. In some cases surely the long tail is an aesthetic necessity?

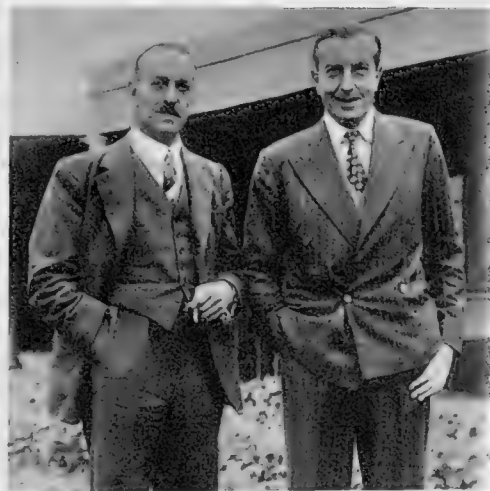
"Rookies"

IT is small wonder that the Powers As Be are somewhat perturbed at the backwardness of the volunteer, for they know much better than you or I what is cooking. The Army of to-day is an attractive proposition purely from the material point of view: it has always been so in the other sense to the adventurous. It saves the individual from so many of those worries which beset the civilian. Food, for instance! And reading in bed! Likewise—and I mention it on the *ex-Uno* principle—take trousers! They are a fixed point with the soldier: always neat, beautifully cut, never wrongly creased; a fate from which so many civilian ones are not immune.

The Navy, of course, have their own methods where trousers are concerned, but, as even the longshoreman knows, there is a utilitarian purpose behind the Bell Bottoms, and in the way of folding them. They look just right on a sailor, but excruciating in the civilian replica.



Follow Through demonstrated by Dr. J. C. Lawrie, who captained Oxford University in 1938-39, won this year's Autumn Medal at St. Andrews and recently played in the victorious Oxford and Cambridge team against Royal Mid-Surrey

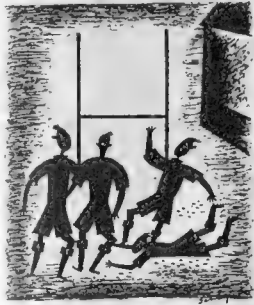


Newcomers to the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club. Lieut.-Colonel G. Thurling-Blackwell (left), Indian Army, who has just taken over the secretaryship, and Henry Cotton, who has become the new professional



Lady Champion Mrs. G. W. Hetherington (Wanstead) driving off during the tournament at Hunstanton when, by beating Miss P. Garvey in the final, she won the British Women's Championship

SCOREBOARD



JACK DAVIES, the Kent cricketer and captain of the revived Blackheath Rugger team, is one of our few all-rounders in the Elizabethan manner; for he is also a scholar and, for all I know, a poet. When playing cricket for Cambridge in 1934 he bowled Don Brad-

man for 0. Davies meant, and Bradman knew that he meant, the ball to spin from the off; but the ball, having ideas of its own, went straight on and hit the off-stump with a melancholy clack, like the dying gesture of a woodpecker.

Davies has never lived this down. He is the man who bowled Bradman for 0; just as Joshua is the son of Nun, and Mr. Gladstone the man who prophesied fine weather in 1884.

Apart from cricket and rugger, Davies was national singles champion of that very warming game, Rugby fives. After gaining a Double First Class in Classics at Cambridge, he entered the comparatively new profession of Industrial Psychology, which consists, broadly speaking, in studying people and telling them what job they are fit for; also, in refraining from telling them what job they are not fit for. The science of I.P. is an enlightened advance on phrenological exploration, or bump-divining, as practised by the late Professor Severn, of Brighton, and, on one memorable evening, by the essayist Charles Lamb.

In earlier youth, Davies was a believer in the conquest of irritation by motion. Whenever he was angry, he ran. I remember one evening during a Folkestone cricket festival when he passed me like a flash on the seafront. The cause, I found later, was that someone had pinched his partner during a waltz in the local dance-hall.

IN a recent soccer match at White Hart Lane between the Spurs and Burnley, four policemen were sent to stand in a row behind the Burnley goal, because, it was said, of the barracking. But, if spectators may not address goalkeepers on a Saturday afternoon, whither Britain?

In the good old dog-fights between Charterhouse and Westminster on the latter's ground in Vincent Square, there was a recognised schedule of insult or price-list of obloquy. A moderately good save by the Charterhouse goalkeeper was worth one Doubt cast on his morals; a brilliant save was worth one Question as to Paternity. The highest ambition of the post-goal spectator is to cause the custodian to turn round, and so let through a goal while facing the wrong way. So, why the policemen?

A GOLFER was telling me the other day how he had hooked his drive at the second hole—you know, the hole with the trees on the left and the bunker on the right—and had been looking for his ball for ten minutes—or it may have been a quarter of an hour, when, having got his feet wet through, he found a small frog. Observing that the frog was higher in the air than the normal, he looked underneath, and—there was his ball.

"Three more times on that round," continued the golfer, "I hit my ball into deep rough, and, whenever I saw a frog, I naturally expected to find my ball underneath it." "And did you?" I asked. "No," he said, "I did not. It only worked once." "But yet," I continued, "you must have found a lot of frogs." "Hundreds," he said, and walked away. I don't know what to think of golfers—or frogs.

R. G. Robertson Glasgow.



Hounds and followers moving off from Homer's Farm to draw, led by the Master, Lord Holmpatrick (centre), and the Whips, Mr. D. Sandeman and Mr. J. R. Stourton

The Eton Beagles Meet Near Windsor

The Eton Beagles recently had a meet at Homer's Farm. Dedworth, near Windsor, and enjoyed a good day's sport. Lord Holmpatrick is present Master of the pack, which has flourished since the end of last century, after a dull period which followed the amalgamation of the two College packs in 1867



Elegance of the Georgian Hey-Day

This hotel, once a late Georgian dwelling-house, on the crest of Richmond Hill is typical of the buildings recorded for the Pilgrim Trust by a group of artists since 1940, when bombing put so much in peril. Their work has been seen in exhibitions and has now been embodied in *Recording Britain* (Oxford University Press : four volumes ; £5 5s. the set), of which the first volume has just been issued. The books are distinguished not only by their reproductions but also by the informed and often witty annotations of Arnold Palmer

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"They Went to Portugal"

"Diversion"

"House Under Mars"

"Uninvited Guests"

Is civilisation really on the decline? We have fought to preserve it: now that we look round there might seem, at the first glance, to be remarkably little left. We are confronted by dilapidation (more depressing, because subtler in its effects, than out-and-out ruin), by long, heart-breaking stories and short tempers. And by—worst of all, possibly—low spirits; acquiescence to things being not so good.

Civilisation, as I remember it, was a matter of high spirits, or spirit. A manner of seeing, and of controlling life. It was a blend of vision and will; and it had a third constituent, courage. Why, indeed, should one speak of it in the past tense? Some of its concrete evidences have been destroyed; but we still need not doubt that the spirit is, somewhere, with us.

We need it, and need its renewing work. The civilised book, the civilised act, the civilised person is to be, to-day more than ever, looked for, recognised and acclaimed. When I speak of civilised books, I do not only think of those which come from the past—civilised books have an extra value, that of a triumph, when they are written to-day. Here, for instance, is one to

greet in these pages—Rose Macaulay's *They Went to Portugal* (Cape; 18s.).

Oldest Ally

THIS deals, as its title suggests, with a number of people, all British, who happened to go to Portugal. They were of different settings and different natures; they made the journey for different reasons, at very different times. We have crusaders, royalty, writers, clergymen, tourists, consumptives, interventionists, ambassadors, military men. The earthquake of 1755 and the civil war of 1832-34 are shown through the eyes of residents and visitors. Intrigue or pleasure, business (we have an engaging picture of the Oporto British wine colony) or missionary zeal kept many of our nationals attached to, and sometimes rooted in, friendly Portugal.

Almost unbrokenly has our oldest ally shown herself Anglophile: the Miguelite attitude, during the civil war, was a painful because unexpected break. And, just under 200 years before that, our own civil war put royalist Portuguese tact to a severe test: few young men can have

caused more embarrassment during a visit than did Prince Rupert, nephew of our lately-beheaded king.

The British Abroad

WERE *They Went to Portugal* purely categorical, it would still have considerable interest, charm and worth. But the book, being Miss Macaulay's, is considerably more than a string of stories: it is an assimilation of impressions, enthusiasms, prejudices, theories, illusions, delusions and points of view. The result being a picture—the most comprehensive, perhaps, we have ever had—of the British abroad. And not abroad in "the wilds," but confronted by the enigmas and pungency of an ultra-Latin, ancient civilisation.

It is a known fact that a foreign climate develops, more strongly than any other solution, British national traits. The British who journeyed to Portugal became more so. Had they been, initially, all of one type, the result might have been monotonous: happily, however, our island race has run, from earliest time, to diversities and extremes. Those extraordinary

variations in Britishness were, evidently, a poser to a succession of Portuguese hosts: not the least pleasing part of this book is its tribute to the equanimity of the Portuguese.

The extreme of the Anglo-Saxon confronts the extreme of the Latin, inside the relation of guest to host—strong reactions, on both sides, muted down by politeness; steam only let off, on the British side, by letters home, diaries, subsequent travel books. Collectively, what a subject! But subject, also, only for the most brilliant, far-reaching and friendly mind.

Miss Macaulay loves idiosyncrasies for their own sake; she shows the ideal relish for human nature. The light and colour of Portugal suffuse, as they should, her pages: equally, each page seems to be part of what one might call the climate of her own mind. Which is to say that *They Went to Portugal* has style in the sense that we rarely meet style now—irony, poise, warmth, amusement and dignity. A phenomenon which makes the reader smile with pleasure. She has pursued her British and their Portuguese adventures into the least-known corners of libraries; the range of sources from which she has drawn is startling. One may take it, from the atmosphere of the book, that she found the research, in itself, delightful. Rewarding it has been—as we may judge.

All Sorts

THESE British visitors to Portugal are arranged not in their time-order but in generic groups. The Crusaders, whose somewhat mixed activities occupy eighty years, onward from 1140, are given a section to themselves. Under "Royalty," we have a delightful picture of one English princess who was to become a resident: Philippa of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's daughter; who, taken to Portugal by her father in 1386, was married to King John of that country. The match, unromantic in its initiation (for King John was not a zealous wooer), ripened into a yellowy happy marriage: the Queen, well-loved by all, introduced to her husband's court new fashions, chastity and learning. Prince Henry the Navigator was among her sons. . . . Prince Rupert, that impetuous character, was to demonstrate, in the year 649-50, that "The royal cause is now at sea": Miss Macaulay's study of this dashing young man is one of the most enjoyable in the book—trying (at least, in my opinion) with two others, of Beckford and Capt. Shaw. King Edward VII.'s son, as Prince of Wales, is a slighter but lively pendant to the "Royalty" section.

Among the visiting writers we have Fielding (who left his bones in the English cemetery), Pickle (translator of Camoens), Beckford, Byron, Southey (again, a Macaulay masterpiece), Tennyson, Borrow—that "very rum chap." . . . First in the "Clergymen" section comes the English Jesuit, Father Henry Floyd—to be followed by the Methodist, Mr. Whitfield; two Tractarians (one being J. M. Neale, the hymn-writer); and the perplexed Mr. Colbatch—who, as chaplain to the British Factory, Lisbon, from 1693 to 1700, added to the difficulties of his position by officiousness in the matter of morals. A trio of "Tourists" includes the *soi-disant* Margravine, Lady Craven—peculiarly exquisite subject for this pen. Under "Interventionists," a long, packed and brilliant section, we have, against civil war background, Shaw, Napier and Badcock.

I cannot admire enough Miss Macaulay's grip of this slippery, complex passage of Portuguese history; which, like the recent civil war in Spain, made a deep cleft in English feeling at home. . . . "Port Wine" and "Earthquake," as headings, speak for themselves. . . . Of sketches of diplomats, consuls, envoys there are many. Miss Macaulay's discrimination with regard to people comes into as perfect play as anywhere in the book with her portrait of Lord and Lady William Russell.

Album

"DIVERSION," edited by Hester W. Chapman and Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky (Collins; 7s. 6d.), has, in character, something in common with those delightful albums with which, 100 years ago, our ancestors used to adorn their drawing-room tables and beguile their evenings around the lamp. True, the format of *Diversion* is contemporary, compressed,

BOWEN ON BOOKS

elegantly austere—no cherry or sky-blue binding or stamped gilt wreaths. And its *raison d'être*, vitally contemporary, is serious: proceeds of the sale of the book are to go to the Yugoslav Relief Society.

Fittingly, the introduction, by Rebecca West, brings to our mind Yugoslavia's long past of heroic struggles, and her present distress. The goodness of the cause has, however, not infected the contributors with any stiffness—on the contrary, one receives the impression of every one of them having written what, and as, they really liked. Ease, and an atmosphere of everyone's being at their best, prevails—as at a good party. Credit, one feels, should go to the editress-hostesses.

Like the ideal album, or book of beauty, *Diversion* therefore achieves a pleasurable harmony. Four Tiepolo drawings—no other pictures: the book speaks, otherwise, to the mind's eye only. After Rebecca West's introduction come stories, poems, sketches and essays contributed by Peter Quennell, Sacheverell Sitwell, Rosé Macaulay, Arthur Marshall, Raymond Mortimer, Lord Berners, Elizabeth Jenkins, John Lehmann, Noel Annan, Henry Green, Prince Vsevolode of Russia, Edward Sackville-West, John Betjeman, and your reviewer.

Wear and Tear

NORAH HOULT is a novelist who is realistic without being dreary. Perhaps this shows she really is realistic—for, after all, real life is illumined by little spurts of humour or rockets of fancy: it is not, in the last analysis, uniformly drab—or we should not, as a race, get by in the way we do.

Miss Hoult's latest novel, *House Under Mars* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), has an endlessly promising subject: a block of flats. Or, rather, one of those out-sized Bayswater houses which have been made over into "flatlets." A flatlet—as many of us have reason to know—is a furnished and service-provided bed-sitting-room, with a divan, gas-ring and a lock to its door. The tenant must, as a rule, emerge when he or she wishes to take a bath; there being one communal bathroom to each floor. In most cases, also, there are not lifts, only stairs. So is it, at least, with Gladstone Mansions, where, in Miss Hoult's story, no small amount of inter-tenant drama arises from staircase encounters and competitive meetings in bathroom doors.

The central character in *House Under Mars* is Mrs. Bayliss, housekeeper. She is responsible for the cleaning of the flatlets and, in the interests of her employer (the landlord, Mr. Gordon), discreet supervision of their morals. It is essential that the house should not get a bad name.

Unfortunately, the house *does* get a bad name, as the story proceeds: for one thing, the tenants are not the nice, quiet class they once were; war sets up a laxity in their morals, and Mrs. Bayliss, for all her good intentions, slightly loses her grip. She is young; she has troubles of her own—what a sympathetic, if faulty, creature she is! Cosy Mrs. Featherstone, whose profession remains obscure for some time, causes less actual trouble than do Miss Knight, Mrs. Cochrane and two or three other ladies, with their rather more amateur goings-on. We meet, in *House Under Mars*, an amazing collection of people: amazing, I fear, chiefly from being lifelike. The come-and-go and the ups-and-downs in the flatlets are skilfully plaited into a novel which seldom fails in its somewhat harsh humour; and which I, for one, found difficult to put down.

Refugees in India

"UNINVITED GUESTS" (George Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.) is by Parr Cooper, author of *Ayah* and *Not At Home*. It is a novel so excellent, both in workmanship and imagination, that I am sorry I have not room to discuss it at greater length. The subject is, the arrival of an Austro-Jewish refugee family at a station in British India during the war. The characterisation—soldiers and soldiers' wives, I.C.S., and the Jewish Taussigs themselves—seems to me almost uncannily sound. The same goes for the dialogue, with its odd variation of resolute gaiety and wartime strain. There are two attractive and lifelike young girls, and an irrepressible family of children.



Alexander Bender

FLORA ROBSON

Flora Robson has made yet another of her outstanding personal successes in James Parish's play *Message For Margaret*, which was transferred from the Westminster Theatre to the Duchess on October 21. The author wrote the play for Miss Robson and sent it to her while he was serving with the Intelligence Corps in Italy and North Africa. On his return home he found that the actress for whom he had written the play was to appear in it, and that he was to direct it himself. Miss Robson is shortly to play the politically-minded aunt in the film version of *Frieda*, by Ronald Miller. She has been recently seen in the dramatisation of Frances Brett Young's novel *A Man About the House*, and in the film of G. B. Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*.

**Macmurchy — Stevens**

Major A. F. Macmurchy, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macmurchy, of Hadley Wood, Middlesex, married Miss Pamela Mary Stevens, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. H. S. Stevens, of Enfield, Middlesex, at Christ Church, Woburn Square, London

**Townend — Howie**

Capt. Peter Vincent Townend, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Townend, of Newton Abbot, Devon, married Miss Jessie Lindsay Howie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Howie, of Oakholme, Dunlop, at Laigh Kirk, Dunlop, Ayrshire

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings

**Donald — Mackie**

Capt. James Craig Donald, R.W.A.F.F., second son of ex-Provost and Mrs. W. M. Donald, of Amajoda, Troon, married Miss Ella Marion Aitken Mackie, late W.R.N.S., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Mackie, of Sylhet, Ottoline Drive, Troon

**Weldon — Philippon**

Mr. Terence G. M. Weldon, youngest son of the late Col. Sir Anthony Weldon and of Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald, and brother of Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt., married Mlle. Simonne Mireille Philippon, daughter of M. and Mme. Armand Philippon, in Paris

**Pace — Russell**

Capt. Noel Pace, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, only son of Surg.-Capt. J. F. Pace, R.N., and Mrs. Pace, of York, married Miss Sheila Helen Russell, only daughter of the late Sir Alec Russell, Bt., M.C., and of Mrs. John Faviell, of Huckermoor, Eppingham Common, Surrey

**Hugill — Gore Brown**

Mr. Anthony Hugill, elder son of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. C. Hugill, of 30, Dartmouth Row, Greenwich, married Miss Fanny Gore Brown, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Gore Brown, of Glaston House, Uppingham, Rutland, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

**Elwes — Sebag-Montefiore**

Capt. Robin Elwes, 60th Rifles, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Elwes, of 25, Cavendish Close, St. John's Wood, N.W., married Miss Sonia Sebag-Montefiore, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. C. Sebag-Montefiore, of Le Mole, Pebmarsh, Essex, at Brompton Oratory



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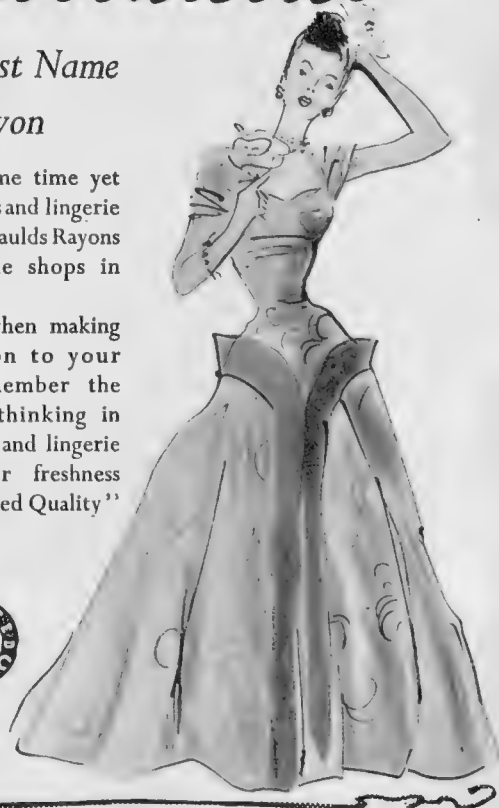
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Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

LARGEST of African antelopes, the Eland is now only found in the more remote parts of Kenya, well off the track of the tourists and sportsmen.

It is a powerful beast standing, when fully grown, well over five feet. Like many of the game species it has curious white stripes on its body, running from the top of the back towards the belly. They are, however, not nearly so pronounced as in the kudu or the okapi. "George" in the picture, has a pair of wickedly pointed horns which, when annoyed, he doesn't hesitate to use. With his powerful shoulders and muscular neck he is a formidable antagonist. He has a slight hump on his shoulders full of fat, and a pronounced dewlap with a tuft of hair at the base of the neck.

THE story of George is one of the many mysteries of wild life. For no apparent reason he palled-up with a herd of cattle. For the first few days, off he went at a gallop when the native boys started to round up the herd for the night, and watched the proceedings from a safe distance. After a week, however, he decided in docile manner to follow the herd along to the corral. A few tit-bits, a little gentling, and George forsook the hazards of the bush and became domesticated. Although fully grown, and allowed to wander off at dawn, he always returned at dusk and joined up with the homeward-bound cattle.

When the London Zoo representative saw him in Kenya, George quickly made friends, and after a few playful head-tossings and stampings



Africa's largest antelope has a pair of short, sharp horns which are there for use, not ornament

showed considerable interest in the construction of the travelling crate in which he would be brought to London.

At one time the eland was found practically all over Africa from the wilds of Abyssinia right down to the vast game parks in South Africa. If it had not been for the strict game laws protecting it, it would have become almost as rare as the giraffe-necked gerenuk, a creature with the body of a buck and neck of a giraffe.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Guests from Stowe



Five Stowe boys have recently returned from an educational visit to the U.S.A., during which they stayed with Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt at Hyde Park, New York. She is seen with Mr. Peter F. Wiener, head of the Department of Current Affairs at Stowe (left), Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt and Mr. Dirk Roosevelt. In front are the Stowe boys; M. R. de B. Bate, A. C. B. Chancellor, S. D. M. Robertson, J. B. More and M. St. C. Ruthven

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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

SOME light was shed on how far civil aviation is guided by successive Ministers, and how far by Permanent Civil Servants by two recent events: Sir Henry Self's paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society and the Cabinet reshuffle.

Lord Winster leaves Civil Aviation to become Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Cyprus, while Lord Nathan takes his place as Minister of Civil Aviation. But Sir Henry Self, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation, remains. That is the British method of administration. The Civil Servants stay on. The Ministers come and go, rarely having time to impose their ideas except in those obvious matters of general policy to which their party is openly committed.

Now here is the point: Sir Henry Self revealed that the Ministry of Civil Aviation had added a number of types of aircraft to its development programme. Among them is the 132 metric tons flying boat with twelve propjets. Yet before Lord Winster's administration no large flying boat was being officially sponsored.

I may be wrong (for I am inferring, not reporting), but I believe that we owe that flying-boat order to Lord Winster. I believe it was one of the few instances of the Minister imposing his idea upon the entrenched Civil Service. And I am glad of it.

And a Helicopter

ALTHOUGH there is almost nothing else in the official civil aviation programme of the present Government with which I find myself in agreement, I pay now a tribute to Lord Winster. He had to put through these absurd air transport nationalization schemes to please the children, but he did as much as could be done to ensure that British civil aviation suffered as small permanent hurt as possible.

It was, without much doubt, his experience as a sailor and his knowledge and love of the sea that led him to look into the flying-boat policy and to see to it that we did not give up the advantage we had gained before the war in this kind of aircraft.

There is also a ten-seat helicopter on the Ministry's



Drawing by Cuthbert Orde

New WAAF Director. Group Officer Felicity Hanbury, M.B.E., has been appointed Director of the WAAF in succession to Air Chief Commandant Lady Welsh, who is retiring in December. Group Officer Hanbury was awarded her M.B.E. in 1941 for bravery when her station was bombed

additional list. I cannot guess if that was the outcome of Lord Winster's initiative or whether the Civil Servants unbent sufficiently to give rotating-wing aircraft a small opportunity. At any rate the decision to give official encouragement to the development of a passenger helicopter is as sound as the decision to give encouragement to the development of a large flying boat.

The Services

IN Service aviation we have to note a fundamental change in structure. Although it is unpopular with many serving officers, I have always advocated the single fighting force, with a single political head.

I have advocated that arrangement for years as being the only one that provides effectively for that integration of air-sea-land effort which we found to be necessary during the course of the war.

The new scheme giving only the Minister of Defence a seat in the Cabinet, and grouping within his responsibility the heads of the three Services, is a step towards the single fighting force with the single political head.

Meanwhile Lord Stansgate leaves the Air Ministry and his place is taken by Mr. Philip Noel-Baker. We do not expect, at the Air Ministry, to find at the head, men with aviation experience; but Lord Stansgate was an exception. His career in the Royal Air Force was distinguished.

On the whole, however, although our Air Ministers have come to the job without knowledge of aviation, we have been lucky in the direct interest they have taken in it.

I hope that, under the new Ministry of Defence arrangement, we shall have as enthusiastic Secretaries of State for Air as we have had in the past.

Paris Salon

THE 17th Exposition Internationale de l'Aéronautique in the Grand Palais, Paris, opens on November 15. If it follows the form of the Salon de l'Automobile, which I went over to see, it will be a success. Every day I visited the Motor Show, ground floor and balcony were packed.

I gather the aviation exhibits are going to be first-class. British constructors will be occupying about one third of the entire space of the Grande Nef. The Royal Air Force is going to be well to the fore and my general impression is that, in Paris, British aircraft constructors will consolidate the good work begun at the S.B.A.C. show at Radlett.

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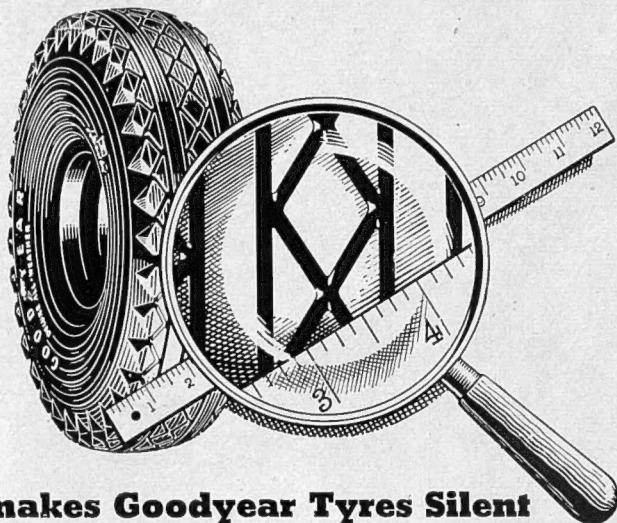
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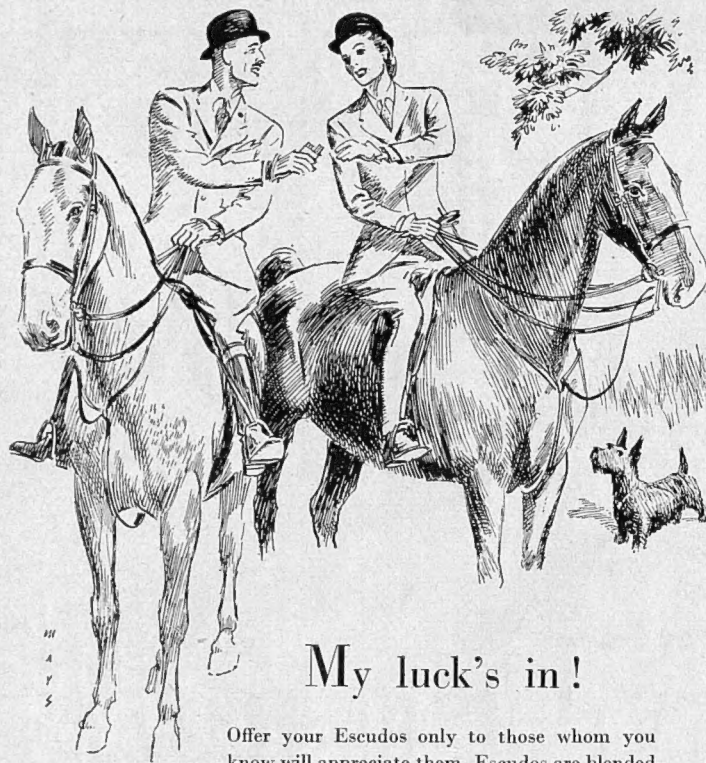
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